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BEFORE DAWN*

(VOR SONNENAUFGANG)

A social drama

By Gerhart Hauptmann

Translated by Leonard Bloomfield

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

The naturalistic movement of the latter nineteenth century went to great lengths in Germany. One reason for this was an oppressive censorship that goaded to resistance. Plays that criticized the existing order of things — which naturalistic plays almost always do — could not be produced on the public stage; but, as literary movements in Germany are highly conscious and take themselves very seriously, enough enthusiasts were soon found to form a 'Free Stage' society, which, as a private organization, produced and witnessed what plays it liked.

The 'Free Stage' was opened in the fall of 1889 with Ibsen's 'Ghosts'; in October of that year it presented for the first time Hauptmann's first play, 'Vor Sonnenaufgang.' With the rugged power of German youth Hauptmann pushed the naturalism of the time to its extreme limits. 'Vor Sonnenaufgang,' depicts the revolting conditions among the suddenly enriched peasants of the Silesian coal district with unrelenting fulness of detail, extreme even for those days. The alarmistic theories of heredity that were current in semi-scientific circles are used to the utmost as the very basis of the tragedy. In short, the play marks an extreme of the past, an extreme which the generation now in the prime of life remember, in which, indeed, its best men took an enthusiastic part.

But even aside from the historical interest, 'Vor Sonnenaufgang' is a drama of considerable emotional force. Granting all that was said against it in the bitter polemics of those years—the faults of the play are obvious enough,—the intense power of the love story (which is the chief plot) remains undisputed: in it Hauptmann

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showed the gift that was later to produce ' Einsame Menschen ' and ' Die Versunkene Glocke.'

The presentation of this drama took place on the 20th of October on the stage of the Lessing Theater, under the auspices of the ' Free Stage ' society. I use this occasion of the publication of a new edition to extend my hearty thanks to the leaders of this society, and in particular to Messrs. Otto Brahm and Paul Schlenther. May the future show that, in disregarding petty considerations and helping to bring into life a work of art created from pure motives, they have deserved well of German art.

CHARLOTTENBURG, October 26, 1889. GERHART HAUPTMANN.

CHARACTERS

KRAUSE, farm owner.
MRS. KRAUSE, his second wife.
HELEN, MARTHA, Krause's daughters from his first marriage.
KONRAD HOFFMANN, engineer, married to Martha.
WILLIAM KAHL, a nephew of Mrs. Krause.
MRS. SPILLER, companion to Mrs. Krause.
ALFRED LOTH.
DR. SCHIMMELPFENNIG.
BEIBST, workingman on Krause's farm.
GUSSIE, LIZZIE, MARY, maids on Krause's farm.
BAER, called " jumping-Baer."
EDWARD, Hoffmann's servant.
MILLIE, Mrs. Krause's housemaid.
THE COACHMAN'S WIFE.
GUS, cowboy.
A PARCEL CARRIER.

HELEN, HOFFMANN, LOTH, and DR. SCHIMMELPFENNIG speak the standard German of educated people; MRS. SPILLER speaks it most of the time, though incorrectly; MRS. KRAUSE barely attempts it. EDWARD speaks the dialect of Berlin. In all other cases the Silesian dialect is used. No attempt can, of course, be made to reproduce these differences in English.

Spectator's right and left.

ACT I

The room is low-studded, the floor covered with good rugs. Up to date luxury ill-grafted on rustic scantiness. On the wall behind the large table hangs a painting representing a four-horse freight-wagon driven by a carter in a blue blouse.

MILLIE, *a robust peasant girl, with a rather stupid red face opens the middle door and allows* ALFRED LOTH *to enter. Loth is of medium stature, broad shouldered, and thick set, in his movements decided and yet a bit awkward; he has blond hair, blue eyes, and a thin, pale blond little mustache; his face as a whole is bony and wears a uniformly serious expression. He is decently but by no means fashionably dressed. Light summer overcoat, a wallet hung over his shoulder by a strap, cane.*

Millie.— This way, please! I'll call Mr. Hoffmann right away. Take a seat, won't you?

The glass door to the conservatory is violently flung open; a peasant woman, her face bluish-red with rage, comes rushing in. She is dressed little better than a washerwoman. Bare, red arms, blue cotton shirt and corset, red dotted breast scarf. Age: in the early forties; face: hard, sensual, malignant. Her form otherwise, on the whole, well preserved.

Mrs. Krause (*screaming*).— Such hussies!! I thought so! Those blasted women! Git out! We don't give nothin'! (*Half to* MILLIE, *half to* LOTH.) *He kin work, he's got arms. Git out! You can't git nothin' here!*

Loth.— But madam. You can't really — I — my name is Loth, I am — I wish to — I haven't any intention of ——

Millie.— He wants to speak to Mr. Hoffmann.

Mrs. Krause.— Wants to beg from my son in law; I know that trick. He ain't got nothin' neither; he got it all from us folks, it ain't his, none of it!

(*The door to the right is opened.* HOFFMANN *puts out his head.*)

Hoffmann.— Mother! — I must beg you — (*stepping out and turning to* LOTH). What can I do — Alfred! Man alive! Great guns, you? Well, this *is* — no, but this *is* a surprise!

(HOFFMANN *is about thirty-three years old; slender, tall, and lean. He dresses in the latest style, is elegantly groomed, and wears costly rings, jewelled studs in his shirt front, and charms on his watch chain. Hair and mustache black, the latter very heavy and carefully tended. Face pointed, bird like. Expression wandering; eyes black, lively, at times restless.*)

Loth.— You see, I quite accidentally ——

Hoffmann (*excitedly*).— Nothing more pleasant — but first take off your things! (*Trying to take off* LOTH's *wallet*) — nothing more pleasurable or so little expected, I'm sure, could have (*taking* LOTH's *hat and cane and laying both on a chair by the door*) — could have happened to me just now — (*returning*) — nothing, I am sure.

Loth (*taking off his wallet*).— You see, I've — quite by accident dropped in on you — (*laying the wallet on the table in the foreground*).

Hoffmann.— Sit down! You must be tired; sit down,— please. Don't you remember, when you came to see me you had a way of dropping flat on the sofa, that the springs crashed? Now and then they also broke, of course. Well now, see here! Do just as you used to in those days.

(MRS. KRAUSE *has been making a very surprised face and has finally withdrawn.* LOTH *drops into one of the chairs that stand round the table in the foreground.*)

Hoffmann.— Will you have something to drink? Speak up! Beer? Wine? Cognac? Coffee? Tea? We have them all in the house.

Enter HELEN *from the conservatory, reading. Her tall, rather full figure, her style of wearing her unusually rich, blond hair, the expression of her face, her stylish clothes, her manner of moving — her whole appearance in fact — does not quite hide the farmer's daughter.*)

Helen.— Brother, you could — (*discovering* LOTH's *presence and hurriedly withdrawing*). Oh, I beg your pardon! (*Exit.*)

Hoffmann.— Don't go, please don't go.

Loth.— Your wife?

Hoffman.— No, her sister. Didn't you hear how she addressed me?

Loth.— No.

Hoffmann.— Good looking, isn't she? Well, but now speak up. Coffee? Tea? Toddy?

Loth.— Thank you, thank you, nothing at all.

Hoffmann (*offering him cigars*).— But this is something you like, isn't it? No?

Loth.— No, thank you.

Hoffmann.— Enviable simplicity! — (*lighting a cigar*) the a — ashes, I mean the — the tobacco — eh! smoke, of course — the smoke doesn't annoy you, does it?

Loth.— No.

Hoffmann.— If I didn't get that — Oh Lord, yes, if I didn't get that much out of life! — I'd — well, but do me a favor: tell me something

Ten years. You've hardly changed much, for that matter. Ten years, a nasty scrap of time! What's Shn — Shnurtz doing? We called him Shnurtz, didn't we? And Fips,— the whole jolly crowd of those days? Have you kept track of any of them?

Loth.— Say, Hoffmann, is it possible that you don't know that?

Hoffmann.— What?

Loth.— That he shot himself.

Hoffmann.— Who — Who's been shooting himself now?

Loth.— Fips! Frederick Hildebrant.

Hoffmann.— Come, you don't mean it!

Loth.— Yes, he shot himself — in the Grunewald, at a very pretty place on the shore of the Havelsee. I've been there; you get a good view of Spandau there.

Hoffmann.— Hm! — I shouldn't have thought it of him; he wasn't by any means a heroic nature in other respects.

Loth.— That's exactly why he shot himself. He was conscientious — very conscientious.

Hoffmann.— Conscientious? How's that?

Loth.— Well, that's it. Otherwise, I suppose, he wouldn't have shot himself.

Hoffmann.— I don't exactly understand.

Loth.— Well, you know the tinge of his political views, don't you?

Hoffmann.— Yes,— green.

Loth.— That's a good way of putting it. You must admit, surely, that he was a talented fellow. He had to spend five years as a stucco-worker, and then he starved through five years more, so to speak, on his own hook, modelling little statues.

Hoffmann.— Disgusting things, I must say. I want art to amuse me. No sir! His kind of art was by no means to my taste.

Loth.— Nor to mine, either; but he had once set his heart on it, that's all. Well, last spring they had a competition for a monument-statue; some duodecimo princeling, I think, was to be immortalized. Fips took part and won; shortly afterwards he shot himself.

Hoffmann.— Where the conscientiousness comes in in that is a mystery to me. For that kind of thing I have only one name: being sour-balled — or else soreness — spleen — something like that.

Loth.— That *is* the prevailing view of the matter.

Hoffmann.— I'm sorry, but I can't help sharing it.

Loth.— Well, of course, it's all the same to him now, what ——

Hoffmann.— Oh, well, let's drop the subject. I'm just as sorry fo him, at heart, as you are, but — well, after all, he's dead now, the poor boy Tell me something about yourself; what you've been doing and how you'v been getting along.

Loth.— I've been getting along as I've always had to expect I should Haven't you heard anything at all about me? Through the newspapers, mean.

Hoffmann (*somewhat embarrassed*).— Not that I recall.

Loth.— Nothing of the Leipzig affair?

Hoffmann.— Oh, *that!* Yes! I believe — nothing definite ——

Loth.— Well, the thing was like this ——

Hoffmann (*laying his hand on* LOTH'S *arm*).— Before you begin, won' you take anything at all to drink?

Loth.— Later on, perhaps.

Hoffmann.— Not even a little glass of cognac?

Loth.— No, that least of all.

Hoffmann.— Well, then I'll just take a — nothing better, for the stomach. (*Fetching a bottle and two small glasses from the sideboard and setting all on the table before* LOTH). *Grand champagne*, finest grade; I can recommend it. Wouldn't you care to ——?

Loth.— No, thank you.

Hoffmann (*tipping the contents of the glass into his mouth*).— Oah! — Well, now I'm all ears.

Loth.— To put it briefly, I got into a bad mess there.

Hoffmann.— Two years, I believe?

Loth.— Exactly! So you do seem to know about it, after all. I got two years in prison and afterwards they also ejected me from the university At that time I was twenty-one years old. Well, in those two years I wrote my first book on economics. Though I couldn't say truthfully that it was exactly a pleasure to sit in the lockup.

Hoffmann.— How could we only be such asses! Strange! To think that we seriously had such a plan in our heads! It was nothing but tom-foolery, Loth, I can't help it! Emigrate to America, a dozen young pups like us! *We* found a model community! What an idea.

Loth.— Tomfoolery? Well, yes! In one way it was tomfoolery We underestimated the difficulties of such an undertaking.

Hoffmann.— And to think that you *ac*-tually went across — to America — in dead earnest, empty handed. Why, just think of it, what that means, to set out empty handed, to earn land and title for a model community; why, it's almost in — at any rate, it's ridiculously simple minded.

Loth.— Oh, but it's just the result of my trip to America with which I'm quite well satisfied.

Hoffmann (*laughing out loud*).— Cold water treatment,— excellent results,— if you mean it that way.

Loth.— Perhaps I did get a bit cooled off; but that is nothing extraordinary. Everybody goes through his cooling off process. But I am far from failing to recognize the value of — well, let us say the hot-headed period. And the period wasn't so terribly simple-minded, either, as you describe it.

Hoffmann.— Oh, I don't know?

Loth.— You need only look at the average tomfooleries of our time: the *couleur* system at the universities; the boozing, the dueling. What was all the noise for? As Fips used to say, for Hecuba! After all, our affairs did not center round Hecuba; we had in view the very highest aims of humanity. And aside from that, this simple-minded period thoroughly did away with my prejudices. I'm done with sham religion and sham morals and a good many other ——

Hoffmann.— That, of course, I can grant you at once. If I am, after all, to-day an unprejudiced, enlightened man, I owe it, as I by no means deny, to the days of our being together. Most naturally! I should be the last one to deny that. Indeed, I am in no respect a monster. Only, one mustn't try to butt through the wall with one's head. One must not try to crowd out the evils under which, I am deeply sorry to say, the present generation lies low, by still greater ones. One must let everything quietly run its course. What must come will come! One must proceed on feasible lines, on practicable lines! Try to remember! I used to emphasize that in the old times in exactly this way, and the principle has shown itself worth while. That's exactly it; all of you — yourself included — proceed on extremely impracticable lines.

Loth.— I wish you'd explain to me just how you mean that.

Hoffmann.— It's simple enough! You don't make use of your capabilities. You, for instance; a fellow like you, with your knowledge, energy, and so forth, what could you not have gone into? Instead of what did you go and do? *Com-pro-mise* yourself from the start in *such* a manner. Well, cross your heart! — haven't you now and then repented of that?

Loth.— I couldn't very well repent, seeing that I was innocently condemned.

Hoffmann.— Of course, you know, I'm not able to judge of that.

Loth.— You will be able at once, if I tell you that the indictment

against me specified that I had called into existence our club, "Vancouver Island," only for purposes of party agitation; and then they said I had collected money for party purposes. Now, you know, of course, that we were in earnest about our colonizing ambitions, and as far as collecting money is concerned, you say yourself that we were one and all empty handed. So that the indictment did not contain one word of truth, and you, as a past member, ought really to ——

Hoffmann.— Well, after all, I wasn't exactly a member, you know. Of course, though, I believe you. You must remember that judges are only human, after all. In any case, to be acting in a practical manner, you should have avoided *appearances* also. And in general, I have often since then wondered at you: editor of the Workingmen's Tribune, the most obscure of all measly little newspapers,— candidate for parliament of the sweet-smelling populace! And now, what are you getting out of it all? Don't misunderstand me! I should be the last person to be wanting in sympathy with the poor common people; but if you're going to do anything for them do it from above! It must be done from above, for it's an incontrovertible fact that the common people don't know what they need. That up-from-beneath method, you see, that is exactly what I call trying to butt through the wall with one's head.

Loth.— I can't make anything at all out of what you've just been saying.

Hoffmann.— Well, I mean — well, look at me! My hands are free. I shall be ready soon, now, to do something for ideals — I think I may say that my practical program is almost carried out. But you, all of you — always empty-handed, what do *you* expect to accomplish?

Loth.— Yes, they say you are headed for a fortune as big as the Rothschilds'.

Hoffmann (*flattered*).— You do me too much honor — for the present, at any rate. Who's been saying that? I stick to my last, that's all. That pays, in the natural course of things. But who has been saying that?

Loth.— In Jauer Village I heard two gentlemen talking about it at the next table.

Hoffmann.— Oh, come! I have enemies! Well, and what did they say, besides?

Loth.— Nothing in patricular. It was from them I learned that you had temporarily withdrawn to the estate of your wife's parents here.

Hoffmann.— I wonder what people *don't* nose out! My dear friend, you wouldn't believe how a man in my position is watched at every step. That's one of the disadvantages of being weal —— It's just this, you see—

n account of the greater quiet and more wholesome air it is here that I'm waiting the confinement of my wife.

Loth.— But how about the physician? A good physician is of the greatest importance, of course, in such cases. And here in the village ——

Hoffmann.— That's just it; the physician here is unusually good; and, et me tell you, this much I'm sure of: in a physician conscientiousness ounts for more than genius.

Loth.— Perhaps conscientiousness is a concomitant of genius in a hysician.

Hoffmann.— That may be, for all I know; at any rate, our physician *is* onscientious. You see, he, too, is something of an idealist, half and half ur kind — succeeds wonderfully among the mining people and also among he farmers. They simply worship him. For the rest, he's quite an unearable fellow, at times,— a mixture of hardness and sentimentality. But, s I say, I appreciate conscientiousness! By all means! Before I forget — or I'm interested in the matter — one ought always to know what to watch or — Listen! — tell me, won't you — I can tell from your looks, the gentlemen at the next table spoke no good of me. Won't you tell me, please, what hey said?

Loth.— I don't think I ought to do that, for I shall soon want to ask ou for two hundred marks — in fact, beg you for it,— for it isn't likely hat I shall ever be able to return it to you.

Hoffmann (*draws a checkbook from his breast pocket and fills out a heck; giving it to* Loth).— At any branch of the Imperial Bank. It's a leasure for me to ——

Loth.— Your readiness surpasses all my expectations. Well! — I hankfully accept it, and of course you know it isn't ill spent.

Hoffmann (*with a touch of sentiment*).— A worker is worth his pay! But, now, Loth, I beg you, tell me what the gentlemen at the next table ——

Loth.— I dare say they were talking nonsense.

Hoffmann.— In spite of that, won't you tell me, please? It interests me exceedingly — *ex-ceed-ingly* ——

Loth.— They were talking about your having crowded out another man from the position here — a contractor by the name of Mueller.

Hoffmann.— Of — course! *That* story!

Loth.— I believe they said the man was engaged to the lady who is now your wife.

Hoffmann.— So he was. And what else?

Loth.— I am telling you all as I heard it, because I presume you are anxious to know the calumny as accurately as possible.

Hoffmann.— Exactly! Well?

Loth.— As far as I could gather, this Mueller was said to have unde taken the construction of a section of the mountain railroad in this district.

Hoffmann.— Yes! With a shabby ten thousand dollars capital. Whe he realized that this money wasn't enough, he wanted in all haste to hook Witzdorf farmer's daughter; my wife was to have been the honored one.

Loth.— They said he had arranged it with the girl and you with th old man. And then he shot himself, didn't he? And that you had com pleted his section of railroad and made a lot of money at it, too.

Hoffmann.— There is a certain amount of truth in that, but — I coul give you an explanation of how all these things came about. Did the seem to know any more such improving tales?

Loth.— Quite in particular, I must tell you, they worked themselve up over one thing; they figured up what an enormous business you wer doing in coal nowadays and called you a — well, it wasn't exactly flatterin to you. Briefly, they said you had persuaded the stupid farmers of thi place, over some champagne, to give you the sole agency for all the coa drawn from their mines, in return for an annual payment which, they said was ridiculously small.

Hoffmann (*with evidently painful embarrassment rising*).— I'll tell you Loth — Oh, why stir it all up? I move we think about supper; I'm ravenously hungry. Ravenously hungry. (*He presses the button of a electric connection, the wire of which hangs down over the sofa in the form of green cord; the ringing of an electric bell is heard.*)

Loth.— Well, if you want to keep me here — then be so good — should have to clean myself a little, you know.

Hoffmann.— In a moment everything you need will . . . . (*Ente* EDWARD, *servant in livery.*) Edward, show the gentleman to the gues room!

Edward.— Very well, sir.

Hoffmann (*pressing* LOTH'S *hand*).— I must ask you to come down t supper in fifteen minutes at the outside.

Loth.— Ample time. Well, so long!

Hoffmann.— So long!

(EDWARD *opens the door and lets* LOTH *precede, both leaving the stage* HOFFMANN *scratches the back of his head, looks pensively at the floor, and the goes to the door at the right. He has already taken hold of the door knob when* HELEN, *who has hastily entered by the glass door, calls to him.*)

Helen.— Konrad! Who was that?

Hoffmann.— That was one of my schoolday friends, in fact, my oldest one, Alfred Loth.

Helen (*quickly*).— Has he gone?

Hoffmann.— No, he will eat supper with us — if possible — yes, if possible, also spend the night here.

Helen.— Dear me, then I shan't come to supper!

Hoffmann.— But Helen!

Helen.— Why do you want me to go among educated people? Just leave me to my fate of getting more and more countrified until I'm a perfect hoosier.

Hoffmann.— Oh, always these foolish ideas! No,— in fact, you will do me the great service of making the arrangements for the supper table. Please! Let's have it a little festive. You see, I suspect he has something up his sleeve.

Helen.— What do you mean,— 'has something up his sleeve'?

Hoffmann.— Mole's work — digging, digging. Of course you don't understand that kind of thing. To be sure, I may be mistaken, for I've so far avoided touching on the subject. At any rate, make everything look inviting. It's the easiest way, after all, of getting at — champagne, of course! Have the lobsters come from Hamburg?

Helen.— I believe they came this morning.

Hoffmann.— Well, then, lobsters! (*Heavy knocking at the door*).— Come!

Parcel Post Carrier (*entering, with a box under his arm; in a singing tone*).— A box!

Helen.— Where from?

Parcel Carrier.—Ber-lin.

Hoffmann.— Right! Probably the baby things from Hertzog's. (*Examining the package and taking the bill.*) Yes, yes, the things from Hertzog's.

Helen.— *This* box full? You're overdoing it.

(HOFFMANN *tips the* PARCEL CARRIER.)

Parcel Carrier (*still half singing*).— Very good evenin', sir! (*Exit.*)

Hoffmann.— What am I overdoing?

Helen.— Why, with this you could fit out at least three babies.

Hoffmann.— Did you go walking with my wife?

Helen.— What am I to do, if she always gets tired right at the start?

Hoffmann.— Oh, bosh, always gets tired! She is making me unhappy! One and a half hours. For goodness' sake, make her do what the doctor says. What do we have the doctor for, if ——

Helen.— Then take a hand yourself; get that Spiller woman out of th way! What am I to do against an old woman like that, who does every thing she tells her?

Hoffmann.— What? — Can I, as a man — what am I, as a man, t do? And besides, you know my mother-in-law.

Helen (*bitterly*).— To be sure.

Hoffmann.— Where is she now?

Helen.— Spiller has been fixing her up since Mr. Loth came; she wil probably go through her stunts at supper.

Hoffmann (*again sunk in his thoughts, paces the room; then, violently*).— I vow, this is the last time I await a thing like this in this house! I vow!

Helen.— Yes, you're well off. You can go wherever you please.

Hoffmann.— In my home that miserable relapse into her old vic would *certainly not* have taken place.

Helen.— Don't blame *me* for that! She didn't get the brandy from *me* Just you get that Spiller woman away. If I were only a man!

Hoffmann.— Oh, if it were only over and done with! (*Leaving by th right-hand door.*) Well, then, sister, you will do me the favor; a really appetizing supper table! I have still a little affair to attend to. (*Exit.*)

(HELEN *presses the bell button; enter* MILLIE.)

Helen.— Millie, set the table! Edward is to put champagne on ice and to open four dozen oysters.

Millie (*with pertinent impudence*).— You can tell him yourself, he won't take nothin' from me; he always says it's Mr. Hoffmann as hired him.

Helen.— Then at least send him here.

(*Exit* MILLIE. HELEN *steps before the mirror and adjusts a few details about her toilet; meanwhile* EDWARD *enters.*)

Helen (*still before the mirror*).— Edward, put champagne on ice and open oysters. Mr. Hoffmann orders it.

Edward.— Very well, miss.

(*Exit* EDWARD. *Immediately afterward a knock at the middle door.*)

Helen (*starting*).— Goodness, gracious! (*Timidly.*) Come! (*Louder and more firmly.*) *Come!*

Loth (*entering, without bowing*).— Oh,— beg your pardon! — I did not mean to disturb — my name is Loth.

(HELEN *bows in dancing school fashion.*)

Hoffmann's voice (*through the closed door to his room*).— No formalities, folks! I'll be with you in a moment. Loth, my sister-in-law, Helen

Krause! And Helen, my friend, Alfred Loth! Consider yourselves introduced.

Helen.— No, but you're a fine one!

Loth.— I am not offended at him, Miss Krause! As I've often been told, I'm myself half a barbarian in matters of good breeding. But if I have disturbed you, I ——

Helen.— No, indeed,— you haven't disturbed me at all — not in the least. (*Embarrassed pause, then.*) It — it is very kind of you, to — to look up my brother-in-law. He always complains of — he always regrets that the friends of his youth have so entirely forgotten him.

Loth.— But you see, it happened quite by accident. I have always been living in Berlin and thereabouts — I didn't know, in fact, where Hoffmann was keeping himself. I haven't been in Silesia since my student days in Breslau.

Helen.— So you came across him by mere accident?

Loth.— By mere accident — and moreover in the very place where I shall have to make my studies.

Helen.— Oh, you're joking! Witzdorf and studies; impossible! In this pitiable hole?

Loth.— Pitiable, you call it? I thought there was quite an unusual degree of wealth here.

Helen.— Yes, of course! In that respect ——

Loth.— I've been ceaselessly wondering. I can assure you, such farms are to be found nowhere else; plenty literally stares out of the doors and windows.

Helen.— You are right as to that. In more than one stable round here the horses and cows eat out of marble mangers and German silver racks! The coal that was found under our fields did that — it made the poor peasants rich in the turning of a hand. (*Pointing to the picture on the rear wall.*) Look at that — my grandfather was a freight carter. This little farm belonged to him, but the narrow strip of soil could not support him, and he had to drive freight. That is he there in the blue blouse — in those days they still wore blue blouses like that. My father, too, used to wear them when he was young. No, I didn't mean it in that sense, when I said 'pitiable'; only it's so lonely here. So — there is nothing for the intellect. It bores you to death.

(Millie *and* Edward, *bustling in and out, set the table in the background, at the right.*)

Loth.— Aren't there balls or parties now and then?

Helen.— Not even *that.* The farmers gamble, hunt, drink. What e you suppose one sees all day? (*Stepping to the window and pointing ou* Chiefly such figures.

Loth.— Hm! Miners.

Helen.— Some going down to the mine, some coming up from the min there is no end to it. At least I *always* see miners. Do you suppose I c go out on the street alone? At best into the fields, through the rear ga They are too rough a lot! And how they always stare at you, so terrib darkly — as if you had actually committed some crime.

In winter, when we go sleigh-riding, now and then, and large gangs them come through the darkness, across the hills, they walk on in front the horses and won't budge. Then the farmers sometimes use their whi handles, otherwise they can't get through. Oh, and they curse after yo Uh! I've been so terribly frightened sometimes!

Loth.— And now, think of it: it is for the sake of these very peop — whom you fear so much, that I have come here.

Helen.— No, but ——

Loth.— Quite seriously, they interest me more than anything else this place.

Helen.— Excepting nobody?

Loth.— Nobody.

Helen.— Not even excepting my brother-in-law?

Loth.— No! My interest in these people is quite a different one,— higher one — forgive me, Miss Krause! Perhaps you can't understa that.

Helen.— Why not? I understand you quite well. You — (*she dro a letter from her pocket;* LOTH *stoops to pick it up*). Oh, don't trouble - it's not important, just a correspondence with a boarding-school friend.

Loth.— You have been at a boarding-school?

Helen.— Yes, in Herrnhut. You must not think that I am — n no, I understand you, truly.

Loth.— I mean that the workingmen interest me for their own sake.

Helen.— Yes, to be sure,— of course, it's very interesting — a min like that — if that is the way you look at it. Of course, there are distric where there are none at all. But when you see them every day ——

Loth.— Even when you see them every day, Miss Krause. In fa you must see them every day to get at what is interesting in them.

Helen.— Well, if it's *so hard* to find — and what is it, pray? T interesting part, I mean.

Loth.— It is interesting, for instance, that these people, as you say, lways wear such a dark or hateful look.

Helen.— In what way, do you mean, is that particularly interesting?

Loth.— Because it is not the usual thing. We other people wear uch looks only at times and by no means constantly, don't we?

Helen.— Well, why do they always wear such — such hateful, sour ooks? There must be *some* reason.

Loth.— Exactly! And *that* is the thing I am trying to discover.

Helen.— Oh, come now! You're telling me some cock-and-bull story. What good would it do if you did know that?

Loth.— Perhaps we could find some means of doing away with the eason why these people are always so joyless and hateful; perhaps we ould make them happier.

Helen (*somewhat confused*).— I must confess to you, I — but now I o perhaps understand you a very little bit. Only it is so — so very new to ne, so — very — new!

(*Enter* HOFFMANN *through the door at the right. He has in his hand everal letters.*)

Hoffmann.— Well, here I am! Edward! Get these letters to the post-ffice before eight!

(*He hands the letters to* EDWARD; *exit* EDWARD.)

Hoffmann.— Well, folks, now we can eat! It's outrageously hot here! eptember and such heat! (*Lifting the champagne from the ice pail.*) 'euve Cliquot: Edward knows my silent love. (*Turning to* LOTH.) Why, ou've had quite a lively dispute, haven't you? (*Stepping up to the supper ible, which is overladen with dainties, and rubbing his hands.*) Well, that ooks good! (*With a roguish glance over at* LOTH.) Don't you think so, too? y the way, Helen, we are to have company; William Kahl. He was out n the yard a minute ago.

(HELEN *makes an impatient gesture.*)

Hoffmann.— But my dear! You almost act as if I — *I* can't help it, an I? Do you suppose I invited him? (*Heavy steps are heard outside n the hall.*) Alas, misfortune strides fast.

(*Enter, without knocking,* KAHL. *He is a twenty-four year old, umsy farm lad, apparently anxious to appear as a gentleman of fashion nd still more of wealth. His features are coarse; in his expression stupid yness predominates. He is dressed in a green jacket, a gaudy velvet waist-oat, dark trousers, and enamelled leather top-boots. His head covering is green hunter's hat with a heath cock feather. His jacket has elk's horn uttons, on his watch chain hang elk's teeth, etc. He stammers.*)

Kahl.— 'D evening, all o' you! (*He perceives* LOTH, *becomes ver much embarrassed, and stands there, cutting a rather sorrowful figure.*)

Hoffmann (*stepping up to him and shaking hands, encouragingly*).— Good evening, Mr. Kahl!

Helen (*coldly*).— Good evening.

Kahl (*walking with heavy steps all the way across the room up to* HELE *and shaking hands with her*).— 'D-evenig, Nell.

Hoffmann (*to* LOTH).— I herewith introduce to you Mr. Kahl, ou neighbor's son.

(KAHL *grins and fidgets with his hat. Embarrassed silence.*)

Hoffmann.— Come on to supper, folks! Is anybody missing? O yes,— mother. Millie, please ask Mrs. Krause to come to supper!

(*Exit* MILLIE *through the middle door.*)

Millie (*out in the hall, calling*).— Missis! ! Come to supper. You' to come to supper!

(HELEN *and* HOFMANN *exchange glances and laugh significantly; the both glance at* LOTH.)

Hoffmann (*to* LOTH).— Rustic simplicity, you see!

(*Enter* MRS. KRAUSE, *tremendously dressed up. Silk and costly jewelr Bearing and dress betray insolence, stupid pride, and ludicrous vanity.*)

Hoffmann.— Oh, here's mother! Permit me to introduce my frien Dr. Loth.

Mrs. Krause (*making an ill-defined curtsy*). — I take the liberty! (*Aft a brief pause.*) Oh, now, doctor, please don't be angry at me for that! I' got to apologize to you for the way I acted awhile ago (*the more s speaks, the faster her flow of words*) — for my conducting myself a whi recently. You know, don't you see, we gets such an awful crowd o' hobo here right along — you wouldn't believe it, but we've got our troubles wi the loafers. An' they steal, them fellers, just like magpies. We don care for a penny, no, we ain't got to look at one three times — nor no doll neither, afore we can spend it. Mrs. Louis Krause, sure, *she's* sting stingy as a pig, she grudges everything to a poor feller. Her old ma died o' rage because he lost a skimpy two thousand playin' card No, sir, we ain't like that by a long shot! Look here; this sideboa cost me two hundred dollars, not countin' freight charges; an' Baron Kli kow can't have better.

(MRS. SPILLER *has entered shortly after* MRS. KRAUSE. *She is sma wry, and decked out with* MRS. KRAUSE'S *cast-off clothes. While* MR KRAUSE *is speaking she keeps her eyes turned up to her with a certain reve*

ce. She is some fifty-five years old; her expiration is always accompanied ith a gentle moaning, which is audible regularly whenever she speaks, as a ntle — " m " —.

Mrs. Spiller (in a submissive, affectedly melancholy minor tone, very w).— His excellency Baron Klinkow has a sideboard just like this — m —.

Helen (to Mrs. Krause).— Mama, don't you think we ought first to down and then ——

Mrs. Krause (turning with lightning quickness and throwing a killing nce at Helen).— Is that proper? (Mrs. Krause, *about to sit down, re-mbers that grace has not been said and mechanically folds her hands, thout, for the rest, mastering her ill nature.)*

Mrs. Spiller (saying grace).— Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, May r daily bread be blest. Amen.

(*All noisily sit down. The embarrassing situation is tided over by the ching for dishes and handing them round, which occupies some time.)*

Hoffmann.— (*to* Loth) You'll help yourself, won't you, old man? ave some oysters?

Loth.— Well, I'll try some. They will be the first oysters I have eaten.

Mrs. Krause (who has just noisily sucked in an oyster).— This season, I ppose you mean?

Loth.— No, the first I have ever eaten.

(Mrs. Krause *and* Mrs. Spiller *exchange glances.)*

Hoffmann (to Kahl, *who is squeezing out a lemon with his teeth).*— aven't seen you for two days, Mr. Kahl! Been busy hunting mice in at time, I suppose?

Kahl.— N — n — no!

Hoffmann (to Loth).— Mr. Kahl, you know, is an enthusiastic hunts-an.

Kahl.— M — mm — ice, — th — they're in — in'fmous amph — ibiums.

Helen (bursting out).— It's too ridiculous; he shoots everything, tame d wild.

Kahl.— L — l — las' n — nn-night I sh — shot our ol' ss-ssow.

Loth.— Then, I suppose, shooting is your chief occupation?

Mrs. Krause.— Mr. Kahl does it inclusively for his private amusement.

Mrs. Spiller.— ' Forest, game, and woman," his excellency the Herr inister von Schadendorf often used to say.

Kahl.— D — d-day af — fter — rr-r — emorrow we're g — g-goin' tc ve a p — p — p — pigeon-shoot.

Loth.— What do you mean by a pigeon-shoot?

Helen.— Oh, I can't bear that sort of thing; it's nothing more or le really, than a very cruel child's sport. Bad boys who throw stones windowpanes do less harm.

Hoffmann.— You go too far, Helen.

Helen.— I don't know. As I feel about it, there is much more sense breaking windows than in tying pigeons to a stake and shooting bullets them.

Hoffmann.— But, Helen, you must consider ——

Loth (*cutting his food*).— It is a disgraceful barbarity.

Kahl.— Th — them f — f — few p — p — pigeons!

Mrs. Spiller (*to* Loth).— Mr. Kahl, you must know, has two hundi in his dovecotes.

Loth.— Hunting in general is a piece of barbarity.

Hoffmann.— Barbarity? Yes, but an ineradicable one. Right nc for instance, there is a call for five hundred live foxes; all the foresters he abouts and all over Germany are turning to fox-catching.

Loth.— What are they going to do with all these foxes?

Hoffmann.— They will be taken to England, where they will be let of their cages and enjoy the honor of being chased to death by my lord a my lady.

Loth.— Turk or Christian, a beast's a beast.

Hoffmann.— Can I help you to some lobster, mother?

Mrs. Krause.— Yes, for all I care. They're very good this season

Mrs. Spiller.— You have such a delicate palate, madam — m — !

Mrs. Krause (*to* Loth).— I s'spose you ain't ever et lobster eith doctor?

Loth.— No, I have eaten lobster now and then — up on the coast, Warnemuende, where I was born.

Mrs. Krause.— My gracious, one often don't know what to eat next eh, William?

Kahl.— Y — y — you're rr — right, c — c — cousin, b — by g — go

Edward (*starting to pour champagne for* Loth).— Champagne.

Loth (*covering his glass*).— No! Thank you!

Hoffmann.— Don't be nonsensical.

Helen.— What, don't you drink?

Loth.— No, Miss Krause.

Hoffmann.— Why, *look* at *that!* Why, that's — that's tiresome!

Loth.— If I drank I should be still more tiresome.

Helen.— That is interesting, Doctor Loth.

Loth (*tactlessly*).— That I get more tiresome when I drink wine?

Helen (*somewhat abashed*).— No, no; that — that you don't drink — at you don't drink at all, I mean.

Loth.— Why is that interesting?

Helen (*blushing deeply*).— It is — it is not the usual thing. (*She blushes ill more deeply and is very much embarrassed.*)

Loth (*clumsily*).— I am sorry to say you are right as to that.

Mrs. Krause (*to* LOTH).— That costs us fifteen marks a bottle; you eedn't be scared to drink it. We get it straight from Rheims; we don't t nothing before you that ain't good, because we won't have bad stuff urselves.

Mrs. Spiller.— Oh, take my word for it, doctor, — m —, if his excel-ncy the Herr Minister von Schadendorf — m — had set such a table ——

Kahl.— I c — c — could'n' ll — live w — without my wine.

Helen (*to* LOTH).— Won't you tell us why you don't drink?

Loth.— Gladly; I ——

Hoffmann.— Oh, come on, old man! (*He takes the bottle from the rvant in order personally to press* LOTH). Just think of it, how many lly hours we spent together in the old ——

Loth.— No, please don't trouble yourself, it's ——

Hoffmann.— Just for once, to-day?

Loth.— It's quite in vain.

Hoffmann.— Just to please me!

(HOFFMANN *tries to pour it*, LOTH *resists. A small melee ensues.*)

Loth.—No! No, I tell you! No — no! Thank you, just the same.

Hoffmann.— Please don't be angry, but — that's a fool idea.

Kahl (*to* MRS. SPILLER).— If he don't like it, he must have tried it. MRS. SPILLER *nods subserviently*).

Hoffmann.— Well, a man's will is his heaven. All I can say is: a eal without a glass of wine ——

Loth.— A glass of beer at breakfast. ——

Hoffmann.— Yes, why not? A glass of beer is a very wholesome ing.

Loth.— A drop of cognac now and then ——

Hoffmann.— Well, if one weren't to have even that. You can't ake an ascetic of me. Why, that is taking all the pleasure out of life.

Loth.— I can't say that. I am thoroughly satisfied with the normal easures that reach my sensory system.

Hoffmann.— A company that sits round with dry throats is a always will be deucedly stupid and tiresome — in general I should decli it with thanks.

Mrs. Krause.— The nobility drink such a lot, too.

Mrs. Spiller (*obsequiously bowing from the waist up*).— Swell gent men can stand very much wine.

Loth (*to* HOFFMAN).— My experience has been the very opposite; generally find a table-company where there *is* much drinking tiresome.

Hoffmann.— Of course it must be done in moderation.

Loth.— What should you call moderation?

Hoffmann.— Well — so that one doesn't lose one's senses.

Loth.— Aha! — So you admit that in general one's senses are e dangered by the use of alcohol? Well, that's it, that is why drinking s sions are a bore to me.

Hoffmann.— Are you afraid of losing your senses so easily as all tha

Kahl.— Thth — th — the other d — day I d — drank a b — bot of Rrruedesheimer, a b — bottle of d — dry champagne, and a b — bot of B — b — bordeaux on t — top of it all, bbut I warn't drunk then.

Loth (*to* HOFFMANN).— Oh no, you know well enough that it was I w brought you all home when you had taken too much. I'm still the sa thick-skinned old fellow; no, *that* isn't what I'm afraid of.

Hoffmann.— Well, what is it?

Helen.— Yes, why don't you drink? Please tell us, won't you?

Loth (*to* HOFFMANN).— Just to set you at rest, I am not drinking to-da if for no other reason, then because I have taken a pledge to avoid into cating liquors.

Hoffmann.— In other words, you have succeeded in sinking to the le of a temperance apostle.

Loth.— I am a complete abstinent.

Hoffmann.— And for how long, if one may ask, have you made this —

Loth.— For as long as I live.

Hoffmann (*throwing down his knife and fork and jumping half out his chair*).—Whew! Holy Christopher! (*Sitting down again.*) Frank for as childish as that — forgive the ugly word.

Loth.— You may call it that if you like.

Hoffmann.— How in all the world did you come to do *that?*

Helen.— You must have some very weighty reason, to do a thing li that — I suppose, at any rate.

Loth.— That, to be sure, I have. You, Miss Krause, and you, Ho

ann, do not know, perhaps, what a fearful role alcohol plays in our modern e — read Bunge if you care to get some idea of it. I happen to have ill in mind what a certain Everett says about the significance of alcohol r the United States. Remember, this relates to a period of ten years. e says, then, that alcohol has consumed in this time directly a sum of three ousand millions of dollars and indirectly of six hundred millions. It has lled three hundred thousand people, sent a hundred thousand children to e poorhouses, driven other thousands into prisons and penitentiaries, and used at least two thousand suicides. It has caused the loss by fire and sualty of at least ten million dollars, and made twenty thousand widows nd no less than a million orphans. And, worst of all, the effects of alcohol how themselves, so to speak, into the third and fourth generation. If I ad pledged myself not to marry I could perhaps drink, but as it is — my ncestors were all healthy, robust, and, as I happen to know, exceedingly mperate people. Every movement I make, every hardship I overcome, very breath that I draw, as it were, calls to my mind what I owe to them. nd that, you see, is the point: *I am absolutely determined to hand on to my osterity, full and undiminished, the inheritance which I have received.*

Mrs. Krause.— Say! Konrad! Our miners, they do tipple too much; guess that's true, all right.

Kahl.— They swill like regular hogs.

Helen.— And that kind of thing is hereditary, you say?

Loth.— There are families that are ruined by it, families of drunkards.

Kahl (*half to* MRS. KRAUSE, *half to* HELEN).— Your ol' man, he's oin' it a little too hard.

Helen (*her face pale as a sheet, angrily*).— Oh, don't talk nonsense!

Mrs. Krause.— Oh, such a hifalutin' lady, oh! Such a princess! Are you tryin' to play the fine lady agin, hey? That's the way she pitches nto her husband-to-be! (*To* LOTH, *pointing at* KAHL.) You must know, loctor, that's her fiancé; it's all fixed up.

Helen (*jumping up*).— Stop! or I'll — *stop*, mother, or I'll —— !

Mrs. Krause.— Well, this *is* the limit. Now, you say it, doctor, is that what you call cultsher,— hey? The Lord knows, I treat her like my own hild, but she goes *too* far!

Hoffmann (*conciliatorily*).— Oh, mother, please do me the favor ——

Mrs. Krause.— No — o — o! Just *because* — I don't see — such a goose as she is — that's where all justice stops — such a hussy!

Hoffmann.— Mother, I really must ask you now, to ——

Mrs. Krause (*more and more enraged*).— Instid o' the girl's takin' a

hand on the farm — oh, Lord, no! That's when she pulls the bedclothe up over her ears! But her old Schillers an' her damn' Goethe, suc stinkin' fools that can't do nothin' but lie; she lets them make her crazy It's enough to make you sick! (*Stops, trembling with rage.*)

Hoffmann (*conciliatorily*).— Well — she will stop — perhaps it wasn — exactly right of her — she — (*he gives* HELEN, *who has stepped aside i her excitement, a signal, whereupon the girl, forcibly repressing tears, return to her place*).

Hoffmann (*to* LOTH, *breaking a painful silence*).— Yes — What wer we speaking of? Oh, yes, of good old alcohol. (*Raising his glass.*) Wel mother, here's to peace! Come, let's have a toast,— let's live in peace,— let us honor alcohol by living in peace. (MRS. KRAUSE, *though somewha unwillingly, clinks glasses with the rest.* HOFFMANN, *turning to* HELEN *continues*). Eh, Helen? Your glass is empty. Oh, the deuce, Loth You've made a convert!

Helen.— Oh — no — I —

Mrs. Spiller.— Miss Helen, that reveals very —

Hoffmann.— But you never used to be so particular.

Helen (*irritably*).— I don't happen to feel like drinking to-day, that' all!

Hoffmann.— Beg your pardon, be — e — eg your pardon. Well of what *were* we speaking?

Loth.— We were speaking of the fact that there are families of drunk ards.

Hoffmann (*again embarrassed*).— Yes, yes, but —

(*Growing annoyance becomes apparent in* MRS. KRAUSE'S *bearing whereas* KAHL *is with evident difficulty restraining his laughter at something that seems to be extremely amusing to him.* HELEN, *on her part, regards* KAHL *with burning eyes and has already repeatedly stopped him, by means of threatening glances, from uttering something that lies on the end of his tongue.* LOTH, *fairly unmoved, is busy peeling an apple and notices nothing of all this.*)

Loth.— In fact, you seem to be quite well supplied with them here abouts.

Hoffmann (*almost giving way*).— In what way — well supplied — well supplied with what?

Loth.— With drunkards, of course.

Hoffmann.— Oh! — D'you think? — oh — yes, yes —, to be sure the miners ——

Loth.— Not only the miners. For instance, right here in the inn here I stopped before coming to see you, there was a fellow sitting like this: *He sets both elbows on the table, rests his hands on his head, and stares vacantly at the table before him.*)

Hoffmann.— You don't say! (*His embarrassment has reached the highest degree*; MRS. KRAUSE *coughs*, HELEN *still stares at* KAHL, *who is now shaking all over with suppressed laughter, but has still control enough over himself not to burst out aloud.*)

Loth.— I'm surprised you don't know this — this unique character, one could almost say. The inn, you know, is the one right next door here. I was told that he is a very rich farmer of this place, who literally spends his days and years drinking whiskey in that same bar-room. Naturally he's a mere beast. Those terribly desolate, drink-bleared eyes with which he stared at me!

(KAHL, *who till now has restrained himself, now bursts into raw, loud, irrepressible laughter, so that* LOTH *and* HOFFMANN *gaze at him transfixed with astonishment.*)

Kahl (*stammering forth between guffaws*).— Oh, Gosh! Why that — that was the old man!

Helen (*has jumped up in consternation and indignant anger. She crumbles her napkin and throws it on the table. Bursting out*).— You're a — (*Goes through the motions of spitting.*) — Ugh! (*Exit hastily.*)

Kahl (*forcibly breaking off the embarrassment due to his consciousness of having committed some stupidity*).— Oh rats! Bosh! That's too silly! I'll go my ways. (*Puts on his hat and in going out, without even turning around, says:*) 'Devening!

Mrs. Krause (*calling after him*).— Can't blame you, Billy! (*Folds her napkin, calling:*) Millie! (*Enter* MILLIE.) Clear off the table! (*To herself, but aloud:*) Such a goose!

Hoffmann (*somewhat angry*).— But honestly, I must say, mother —— (MRS. KRAUSE *rises; exit, hastily.*)

Mrs. Spiller.— Madam — m — has had many domestic aggravations to-day — m —. I wish you a very good evening. (*Rises and prays silently, raising her eyes. Exit.*)

(MILLIE *and* EDWARD *clear off the table.* HOFFMANN *has got up and comes to the foreground, toothpick in mouth;* LOTH *follows him.*)

Hoffmann.— Yes, you see, that's what women are.

Loth.— I understand nothing of all this.

Hoffmann.— And it isn't worth mentioning. As you know, such

things will happen in the very best families. That must not deter yo from spending a few days ——

Loth.— I should like to have met your wife; why doesn't she show he self?

Hoffmann (*cutting off the end of a fresh cigar*).— You see, in her co dition — ladies will not desist from their vanity. Come, let's take a stro in the garden. Edward, bring the coffee out to the arbor.

Edward.— Very well, sir.

(HOFFMAN *and* LOTH *exeunt through the conservatory.* EDWARD *go out through the middle door;* MILLIE *follows through the middle door, carryin a tray of dishes. For a few moments the room remains empty, then* HELE *appears.*)

Helen (*excited, with tearful eyes, holding her handkerchief to her mout From the middle door, through which she has entered, she hastily takes a fe steps toward her left and listens at the door of* HOFFMANN'S *room*).— Oh don't go! (*Hearing nothing here, she flies across to the door of the conserva tory, where also she listens for a few seconds with a strained expression. The beseechingly and with folded hands, passionately:*) Oh, don't go, don't g away!

The curtain falls.

ACT II

Morning, about four o'clock.

In the inn the windows are lit up; a dull gray morning light come through the gateway, changing quite gradually, as the action goes on, into dark red glow. which then, also gradually, dissolves into bright daylight Under the gateway, on the ground, sits BEIBST (*some sixty years old*), *shar pening his scythe. As the curtain rises, hardly more than his silhouette out lined against the gray morning sky is seen; but the monotonous, unbroken regular beat of the scythe hammer on the anvil is clearly audible. For som minutes this noise is heard; then follows the solemn silence of the morning broken by the yells of the guests who are leaving the inn. The inn doo slams with a crash. The lights in the windows go out. In the distance th barking of dogs; cocks crow in loud confusion. On the path from the inn dark figure appears; it moves in zig-zag lines toward the farmyard; it i* FARMER KRAUSE *who, as always, has been the last to leave the inn.*)

Farmer Krause (*having tottered against the garden fence, clings to*

with both hands, and bellows, with a nasal, drunken voice, back at the inn).— Th' garden 'sh mi-ine! — th' tavern 'sh mi-ine — you shlob of an innkeeper! Haw, haw, haw! (*After mumbling and grumbling unintelligibly a while longer, he frees himself from the fence and tumbles into the farmyard, where, by good fortune, he gets hold of the handles of a plow.*) Sh' farm 'sh mi-ine! (*He drivels, half singing.*) Drink — aye — brotherkin, drink — ay — 'otherkin, brann — ddy — givesh — 'oo courage. Haw, haw, haw — (*bellowing out loud*) — ain't I a han'some feller? Ain't I got a han'some wife, haw, haw, haw? Ain't I got a couple o' han'some girls?

Helen (*comes hurriedly out of the house. She has evidently slipped into only so much clothing as was possible in all haste*).— Papa! dear papa!! Why don't you come now? (*She takes him by the arm, trying to support him and drag him into the house*). Come to the house — quick — won't you; only hurry, c-come! Oh!

Farmer Krause (*having managed to stand up, tries to stay erect, and, with some difficulty, using both hands, draws an overflowing leathern purse from his trousers pocket. The morning light, now a little brighter, reveals the extremely shabby apparel of the fifty year old man; it is no better than that of the humblest field worker. His head is bare, his sparse, gray hair uncombed and dishevelled. His dirty shirt is wide open down to his stomach; his leathern trousers, formerly yellow, now shining with dirt, are tied up at the ankles and hang by one embroidered suspender; his feet are cased in a pair of embroidered bedroom slippers on which the embroidery looks very new. He is not wearing a coat, or a waistcoat and his shirt sleeves are not buttoned. Having managed to extract the purse, he beats it repeatedly with his right hand against the palm of his left, so that the money inside loudly clinks and resounds; at the same time he stares leeringly at his daughter*).— Haw, haw, haw! Sh' money 'sh mi-ine! Hu? Wan' a few dollarsh?

Helen.— Oh, my God! (*She tries repeatedly to drag him with her, in vain. At one of these attempts he embraces her with the roughness of a gorilla and indecently paws over her.* HELEN *utters suppressed cries for help.*) L — let go — o this instant! Let go — o! Please, father, oh! (*She weeps and then screams in utter fear, disgust, rage.*) Beast, swine!

(*She manages to thrust him from her.* FARMER KRAUSE *falls to his full length on the ground.* BEIBST *comes limping from his seat under the gateway.* HELEN *and* BEIST *start to lift him.*)

Farmer Krause (*mumbles*).— Dr — rink m' brosherskin, dr —

(FARMER KRAUSE *is raised and tumbles into the house, dragging* BEIBST *and* HELEN *with him. For a moment the stage remains empty. In the house*

noise and the slamming of doors are heard. Light appears in a window whereupon BEIBST *comes back out of the house. He strikes a match on his leather trousers in order to light the short pipe which never comes out of his mouth. While he is thus occupied,* KAHL *comes sneaking out of the house door. He is in his stocking feet; his jacket is hanging over his left arm and he is carrying his slippers in his left hand. With his right hand he is holding his hat, in his mouth his collar. As he comes to about the middle of the yard he looks round and sees* BEIBST'S *face turned toward him. For a moment he appears undecided. Then he transfers his hat and collar into his left hand, dives into his trousers' pocket and goes up to* BEIST, *into whose hand he presses a coin.*)

Kahl.— There you got a dollar — but keep your maw shut! (*He hurries across the yard and climbs the picket fence at the right. Exit.*)

(BEIBST *has lit his pipe with a new match, limps to the gateway, sits down, and resumes his task of scythe sharpening. Again for a time nothing is heard but the monotonous beats of the scythe hammer and the grunting of the old man, interrupted by short curses when something about his work does not come right. The day has grown considerably lighter.*)

Loth (*steps out of the house door, stands still, stretches, and takes several deep breaths*).— Hh! hh! Morning air! (*He walks toward the background up to the gateway. To* BEIBST.) Good morning! Up so early?

Beibst (*distrustfully squinting up at* LOTH, *in an unfriendly tone*).— 'Morning! (*Short pause, after which* BEIBST, *without paying further attention to* LOTH'S *presence, exclaims, as if in dialogue with his scythe, which he angrily draws several times back and forth.*) Crooked carrion! Will you! Ekh! Gol darn it, come! (*He goes on sharpening.*)

Loth (*who has meanwhile sat down between the handles of a cultivator*).— So you're going to mow hay to-day?

BEIBST (*gruffly*).— Darn fools go out for hay this time o' year.

Loth.— Well, but you're sharpening your scythe? ——

Beibst (*to his scythe*).— Ekh! Darn old thing!

Loth (*after a short pause*).— Won't you tell me why you are sharpening your scythe, if it isn't mowing time?

BEIBST.— Well, don't you need a scythe to cut fodder?

Loth.— Oh, that's it!

Beibst.— Sure, what else?

Loth.— Do you cut fodder every morning?

Beibst.— Well! Do you want the beasts to starve?

Loth.— You must make allowances for me. You see I'm a city man and in the city one can't know everything so well about farming.

Beibst.— The city people, yah — ekhh! — the city people they know everything better right off than the country people, heh?

Loth.— That isn't the case with me. Explain to me what sort of an instrument this is, won't you? I've seen one like it somewhere, but the name ——

Beibst.— That there you're sittin' on? Cullevator they call that!

Loth.— Oh, yes, a cultivator; do you use that here too?

Beibst.— No, worse luck, we don't! He lets it go to the devil — the whole field, lets it go to the devil, Farmer Krause does. A poor man wants an inch o' land — the grain don't grow in a feller's beard — but no, he'd rather let it go to the devil! Nothin' grows but weeds an' thistles.

Loth.— Well, it will weed those out, won't it? I know among the Icarians, too, they have such cultivators, to finish cleaning the land after it has been cleared.

Beibst.— Where are them, Ike — what was it you called them? Ike?

Loth.— The Icarians, in America.

Beibst.— And they have this kind o' things way over there?

Loth.— Yes, indeed.

Beibst.— Well, and what sort o' people are they, them there I — I ——?

Loth.— The Icarians? They are no special sort of people; they are men and women from all nations who have gone into partnership; they own a good-sized piece of land in America, which they all cultivate; all the work and all the earnings they divide evenly. No one is poor; there are no poor among them.

Beibst (*whose expression had become a little more friendly, again takes on, at* LOTH'S *last words, his old, distrustful, hostile bearing; without further noticing* LOTH, *he has again turned wholly to his work, with the introductory remark:*) Beast of a scythe!

(LOTH, *still sitting, first watches the old man with a quiet smile, and then looks out into the brightening morning. Through the gateway are seen the wide-stretching clover fields and meadows; through them winds a brook, the course of which is indicated by alders and willows. On the horizon a single mountain cone. Everywhere the larks have begun to sing and their constant warbling comes now from close by, now from far into the yard.* LOTH *arises, with the words:*)

Loth.— I must take a walk; this morning is too fine.

(*The clattering of wooden shoes is heard. A figure comes down the stairs that lead to the loft of the stable building; it is* GUSSIE.)

Gussie (*a rather stout maid; her arms and the lower part of her legs*

are bare, on her feet wooden slippers. She carries a lighted lantern).— Good morning, father Beibst.

BEIBST *grumbles.*

Gussie (*shading her eyes with her hand and looking through the gate after* LOTH).— Who on earth is *that* feller?

Beibst (*angrily*).— He's a feller what tries to make fools of poor beggars like us. He lies like a parson, by gosh. Just lets him sling you a bushel of lies. (BEIBST *gets up.*) Fix up the wheel barrows, girl.

Gussie (*who has been washing her ankles in the well, finishes this, and says, before disappearing in the interior of the cow barn*).— Right away, right away, father Beibst!

Loth (*comes back and gives* BEIBST *some money*).— Here's a trifle for you. One can always use money.

Beibst (*thawing, as if by magic; with genuine good fellowship*).— Yah, yah! Ye're right there — an' I'm much obliged to you. I s'pose you're the visitor for Mr. Konrad? (*With sudden loquaciousness.*) D'ye know if you're goin' out that way, out toward the hill, you know, why then, just you keep to the left, d'ye know, close to the left; to the right there's pits. My son, he used to say it was because they didn't build up the boards well enough, the miners; the pay's too small, he said, an' so that's the way they done it, hit or miss — in the tunnels, ye know. Ye see! There! Always to the left, to the right are holes. Only last year a butter woman, just as she was sank down into the ground, I don't even know *how* many furlong deep. Nobody knew what become of her. As I'm tellin' you, to the left, always to the left, there ye're safe. (*A shot is heard.* BEIBST *seems as if shocked by electricity; he limps a few steps into the open.*)

Loth.— Who is shooting here so early in the day?

Beibst.— Why, who d'ye suppose? The boy, the good-for-nothing boy.

Loth.— What boy do you mean?

Beibst.— Why, Billy Kahl, the neighbor's son. Just you wait! I seen it he's been shootin' larks.

Loth.— You limp, don't you?

Biebst.— Yes, God help me. (*Shaking his fist in the direction of the fields.*) Just you wait! You wait!

Loth.— What did you do to your leg?

Beibst.— I?

Loth.— Yes.

Beibst.— Why, it just got like this of itself.

Loth.— Does it pain you?

Beibst (*taking hold of his leg*).— It tugs, it tugs so cussedly.

Loth.— Don't you have a doctor for it?

Beibst. D'ye know — the doctors, they're monkeys, one an' all! Only our doctor, he's a good man.

Loth.— Has he done you any good?

Beibst.— Well — perhaps a little bit, after all. He kneaded my leg; see, like this; he squeezed it an' punched it an' — but no!! That ain't the reason! He's — well, he's got pity for a poor man. He buys him medicine an' won't take no money. He comes any time you ——

Loth.— But you must have contracted this in some way? Did you always limp like this?

Beibst.— I should say not!

Loth.— Then I don't exactly understand; there must have been some cause ——

Beibst.— D'ye s'pose *I* know? (*Again shaking his fist.*) Just you wait! You wait! with your popping!

Kahl (*appears within his garden. In his right hand he carries a gun by the barrel, his left hand is closed. Calling across the fence*).— Good morning, doctor!

(Loth *walks across the yard toward him. Meanwhile* Gussie *and another maid,* Lizzie, *have each made ready a wheelbarrow on which lie a rake and a pitchfork. With these they go out through the gateway into the field, past* Beibst, *who, after a few angry glances and furtive gestures of rage at* Kahl, *shoulders his scythe and hobbles after them. Exeunt* Biebst *and the two* Maids.)

Loth (*to* Kahl).— Good morning!

Kahl.— D'you want to see something nice? (*Extending his arm, with his hand closed, over the fence.*)

Loth.— (*coming nearer*). What have you there?

Kahl.— Guess! (*He at once opens his hand.*)

Loth.— Wha-at? So it's really true; you shoot larks! You ought to have your ears boxed for this trick, you worthless scoundrel! Do you hear? (*He turns his back on him and walks across the yard, after* Beibst *and the maids. Exit.*)

Kahl (*stares after* Loth *a few moments, with an expression of stupid amazement, then covertly makes a fist and says.*) Slob of a doctor! (*and turns, disappearing to the right. For a few moments the yard remains empty.*)

(Helen *steps out of the house door; light summer dress, large garden*

hat. She looks round, then takes a few steps toward the gateway, stands sti and peers out. Hereupon she saunters toward the right, through the yar and turns into the path which leads to the inn. Large bundles of variou herbs for tea are hanging over the fence to dry; she smells of these in passing She also bends down branches of the fruit trees and examines the low-hangin red-cheeked apples. As she notices that LOTH *is coming from the direction of th inn to meet her, violent unrest overcomes her, so that she finally turns abou and walks back in the direction of the yard, preceding* LOTH. *Here she notice that the dovecote is still closed and goes to it, through the little gate in th orchard fence. She is still busy getting down the string, which has got caugh somewhere, blowing in the wind, when* LOTH, *who has meanwhile come up addresses her.)*

Loth.— Good morning, Miss Krause!

Helen.— Good morning! The wind has blown up the string.

Loth.— Allow me! (*He also goes through the little gate, gets down th string, and draws open the dovecote. The doves fly out.*)

Helen.— Thank you very much.

Loth (*has again stepped out through the little gate, but remains on th outside of the fence, leaning on the same*; HELEN *is still on the inside. Aft a brief pause.*) Are you always up so early, Miss Krause?

Helen.— That is exactly what I was about to ask you.

Loth.— I? No! But the first night in a new house usually affect me this way.

Helen.— How — does that happen?

Loth.— I have never thought about it; it is of no use.

Helen.— Oh, in what way isn't it?

Loth.— At any rate, of no apparent, practical use.

Helen.— And so everything you do or think must serve some practica use?

Loth.— Exactly. For the rest ——

Helen.— I should not have thought that of you.

Loth.— What, Miss Krause?

Helen.— It is exactly what my stepmother said, the other day, whe she snatched 'The Sorrows of Werther' from my hand.

Loth.— It is a foolish book.

Helen.— Don't say that!

Loth.— I repeat it, Miss Krause. It is a book for weaklings.

Helen.— *That* — may be.

Loth.— How do you come to be reading just this book? Do you un derstand it?

Helen.— I hope I do, I — in part, I am sure I do. It quiets me so, read it. (*After a pause.*) If it is a foolish book, as you say, could you recommend me something better?

Loth.— Read — read. Well, do you know Dahn's 'Fight for Rome'?

Helen.— No. But I shall buy that book. Does it serve a practical purpose?

Loth.— Yes, a sensible purpose. It portrays men and women, not as they are, but as they ought some day to be. It serves as a model for one.

Helen (*with fervor*).— *That is fine!* (*Brief pause, then:*) Perhaps you can give me some information; they speak so much in the newspapers of Zola and Ibsen; are they great authors?

Loth.— They are not authors at all, Miss Krause, but necessary evils. I am honestly thirsty and demand of the books I read a clear, refreshing draught. I am not sick. What Zola and Ibsen offer is medicine.

Helen (*apparently involuntarily*).— Oh, then they would be something for me, perhaps.

Loth (*until now partly, but now completely sunk in contemplation of the dewy orchard*).— It is splendid here. Look how the sun is coming up from behind the mountain. You have lots of apples in your orchard; a good crop.

Helen.— Three fourths of it will be stolen this year, as always. There is too much poverty in this district.

Loth.— You cannot imagine how much I love the country. I am sorry that most of my work has to be done in the city. But now for once I intend to enjoy it, this country life. A fellow like me needs a bit of sweetness and light even more than any one else.

Helen (*sighing*).— Even more than — in what way?

Loth.— Because he is in the midst of a hard struggle the end of which he will not live to see.

Helen.— And are not we others also in the midst of such a struggle?

Loth.— No.

Helen.— But — we are also — in the midst of a struggle, aren't we?

Loth.— Yes, of course! But yours can come to an end.

Helen.— *Can* — I should say so! And why cannot that one end — the one in which you are engaged, Mr. Loth?

Loth.— Your struggle can be only a struggle for personal welfare. The individual can, so far as lies within human reach, attain to this. My struggle is a struggle for the happiness of all; if I were to be happy all other people round me would first have to be happy; I should have to see round me neither sickness nor poverty, neither servitude nor meanness. I should, perforce, be the last to sit down to the feast.

Helen (*fervently*).— *Why, then you are a very, very good man!*

Loth (*somewhat taken aback*).— There is really no merit about it, I ar built that way. And I must add that the struggle on the side of progres affords me a great deal of satisfaction. It is a kind of happiness which prize much more highly than that with which the common egotist is co tented.

Helen.— I daresay there are but very few people who are built th way. It must be glorious to be born with such a disposition.

Loth.— I don't suppose that we are born with it. We reach it owi to the absurdity of our surroundings, it seems to me; only we must have a eye for the absurd; that's it! If a man has that and thus suffers co sciously from wrong conditions, he must of necessity come to be what I ar

Helen.— If you would only be more — what conditions do you, fo instance, call wrong?

Loth.— It is wrong, for instance, that the man who works in the swe of his brow goes hungry and the lazy man may live in luxury. It is wrong t punish murder in time of peace and to reward murder in time of war. It wrong to despise the hangman and to go haughtily about, as soldiers do, wi a manslaughtering instrument, like the rapier or the saber at one's own sid The hangman who wore his axe that way would doubtless be stoned. is wrong, further, to have as the official religion of the state the religion Christ, that religion of tolerance, forgiveness, and charity and at the sam time to train whole nations to be accomplished slayers of men. These are few things among millions, you must consider. It costs an effort to figh one's way out of all these absurdities; one must begin early.

Helen.— How *did* you come to think of all this? It is all so simple an yet one does not naturally think of it.

Loth.— I suppose I came upon it through the course of my deve opment, through talks with friends, through reading, through my ow thoughts. I hit on the first absurdity when I was a small boy. I on told a big lie and got the most terrible whipping for it from my fathe Shortly afterward I rode on the train with him, and then I noticed that m father also told lies and considered it quite natural to do so; I was fi years old at the time and my father told the conductor that I was not y four, on account of the free transportation which children under four yea enjoy. Then also, my teacher once said, " Be industrious, keep straigh and you will prosper in life." The man was teaching us an absurdit I soon found that out. My father was good, honest, and straight, throug and through, but a scoundrel who is still alive and wealthy cheate him out of his few thousand dollars. In fact, my father was driven by utt

necessity to take employment from this very same scoundrel, who owned a large soap factory.

Helen.— People such as I am do not dare — do not dare to consider a thing like that as wrong; at most we silently feel it so. Indeed, we often feel it,— and then — we feel simply desperate.

Loth.— I remember one wrong which came before my eyes with exceptional clearness. Until then I thought that murder was under all circumstances punished as a crime; but then I saw that only the milder forms of murder are unlawful.

Helen.— How would you ——

Loth.— My father was a boilermaster; we lived close by the factory; our windows gave on the factory yard. There I saw many other things besides. There was a workingman there who had worked five years in the factory. He began to cough violently and to lose flesh — I remember how my father said to us at the table: Burmeister — that was the workingman's name — will get consumption if he stays at soapmaking any longer. The doctor has told him so. The man had eight children, and, all worn down as he was, could find work nowhere. So he *had* to stay in the soap factory, and the owner prided himself because he kept him. He thought himself exceedingly humane. One afternoon in August — it was terribly hot — the working man was dragging himself across the yard with a wheelbarrowful of lime. I happened to be looking out of the window and saw how he stopped short — stopped short again; and finally fell flat on the pavement. I ran up — my father came, other workingmen came, but all he did was moan, and his mouth was all full of blood. I helped carry him into the house. He was nothing but a heap of limy rags, reeking of all kinds of chemicals; before we got him into the house he had died.

Helen.— Oh, that is terrible.

Loth.— Hardly a week later we drew his wife out of the stream into which the used-up lye of our factory was drained. Yes, Miss Krause, when one knows all these things as well as I know them now, believe me, they give one no more rest. A mere piece of soap, which means nothing special to any one else in the world, yes, even a pair of clean, well-cared-for hands, can put you into the worst possible temper.

Helen.— I too have seen something like that. Ugh! It was horrible, horrible!

Loth.— What!

Helen.— One of the workingmen's sons was brought in here half dead. It was — well, about three years ago.

Loth.— Had he had an accident?

Helen.— Yes, over in the Bear shaft.

Loth.— He was a miner, then?

Helen.— Yes, most of the young men hereabouts go down to th mines. A second son of the same man was also a trammer and also ha an accident.

Loth.—Both of them got killed?

Helen.— Both of them. The first time something broke in the ele vator, the other time it was fire damp. Old Beibst has still a third son, h has been going down to the mine since Easter.

Loth.— You don't say! Has he no objections?

Helen.— No, none! Only he is much more cross now than before Haven't you seen him?

Loth.— Why, how should I come to see him?

Helen.— He sat right near here this morning, under the gateway.

Loth.— Oh! He is working on the farm here?

Helen.— Yes, he has been, for many years now.

Loth.— The man who limps?

Helen.— Yes, limps quite noticeably, in fact.

Loth.— What happened to his leg?

Helen.— It's a touchy subject. You know Mr. Kahl, don't you I shall have to come near you to tell you this. His father, you know, wa just as much of a fool about hunting as he is. He used to shoot at th traveling apprentices that came to his farm — he shot into the air, of course — to frighten them. And he was very quick tempered, too; especiall when he had been drinking. Now, I suppose Beibst grumbled some tim — he likes to grumble, you know — and farmer Kahl got hold of his shot gun and let him have a charge. Beibst, you know, used to be stableman a neighbor Kahl's.

Loth.— Outrage, outrage, on all sides.

Helen (*growing more and more unsteady and excited*).—I've often though to myself, you know. I've been so terribly sorry for them all, at times for old Beibst and — when the farmers are so cruel and senseless as — a Streckman, who — he lets his hired men go hungry and feeds his dogs wit confectioner's stuff. I'm all out of place here, since I've come back fro boarding school — I have my load to bear, too! But I suppose I'm talkin nonsense, — I'm sure it doesn't interest you — in your mind you're onl laughing at me.

Loth.— Oh, but Miss Krause, how *can* you — why on earth should I—

Helen.— Well, aren't you? I'm sure you think: she isn't any bette than the others here.

Loth.— I think ill of no one, Miss Krause.

Helen.— You can't make me believe that — no, no!

Loth.— Oh, but Miss Krause! When did I ever give you cause to ——

Helen (*near to weeping*).— Oh, don't say anything! You look down n us, depend on it — you can't help despising us,— (*petulantly*) — and Konrad — and me, too. *Me*, above all, and for that, for — that you have truly — truly good cause. (*She quickly turns her back to* LOTH, *and, no onger mistress of her emotions, hurries through the orchard toward the back- round, leaving the stage.* LOTH *steps through the little gate and slowly ollows her.*)

Mrs. Krause in an over-ornamental morning costume, her face red as hat of a turkey, comes from the house door, screaming).— Those blasted vomen! Mary! Ma-ry!! Under my roof? Out with the beast of a voman! (*She runs across the yard and disappears in the door of the stable.* MRS. SPILLER *appears in the house door. In the stable scolding and brawling.*)

Mrs. Krause (*driving the weeping maid before her from the stable. You slut of a woman, you!* (*The maid bawls all the louder.*) Git out o' ere right away! Pack yer bundle an' *git!*

(HELEN, *with tear-stained eyes, comes through the gateway, notes the cene, and stands expectantly still.*)

The Maid (*discovering* MRS. SPILLER, *throws aside her milking stool nd milk pail, and runs up to her, in a rage*).— I owe this to you! I'll make ou sorry for this! (*She runs off, sobbing, up to the loft. Exit.*)

Helen (*stepping up to* MRS. KRAUSE).— What has she done?

Mrs. Krause (*roughly*).— Is it any o' your business, you ninny?

Helen (*angrily, almost in tears*).— Yes, it is my business.

Mrs. Spiller (*quickly stepping up*).— My dear Miss Helen, such things re not suitable for the ears of a young lady like ——

Mrs. Krause.— An' why not, Spiller? She ain't made o' sugar. She ept with the head hired man. Now you know it.

Helen (*authoritatively*).— That maid will stay just the same.

Mrs. Krause.— Girl!

Helen.— Very well! Then I'll tell father that you spend your nights n exactly the same way with William Kahl.

Mrs. Krause (*slapping* HELEN *on the mouth*).— There, ye got a re- ainder!

Helen (*deathly pale, but even more firmly*).— That maid stays, none the ss; otherwise I'll spread it! With William Kahl, you! Your cousin — ıy husband-to-be — I'll spread it.

Mrs. Krause (*losing her self command*).— Who can say it's so?

Helen.— I can! I saw him this morning, coming from your —— (*Exit rapidly into the house.*)

(Mrs. Krause *staggers, near to fainting.* Mrs. Spiller, *with a bottl of smelling salts, to her aid.*)

Mrs. Spiller.— Missis, missis!

Mrs. Krause.— Spiller, let the maid — ss — stay.

The curtain falls rapidly.

ACT III

Time: a few minutes after the encounter between Helen *and her step mother. The scene is the same as that of the first act.*

Dr. Schimmelpfennig *is sitting at the table in the foreground, at th left. He is writing a prescription. His soft hat, thread gloves, and can are lying on the table before him. He is small but thick set as to build, ha black, woolly hair and a rather heavy mustache. He wears a black coat i the cut of Jaeger's Reform coats. His clothing, on the whole, is decent, bu not elegant. He has a habit of almost constantly stroking or twisting hi mustache; this more violently as he becomes excited. The expression of hi face when he is speaking to* Hoffmann *is forcedly quiet, a touch of sarcasr lying about the corners of his mouth. His movements are lively, firm, an angular, throughout natural.* Hoffmann, *in a silk morning gown an slippers, is walking about the room. The table at the right in the backgroun is set for breakfast. Delicate chinaware, pastry, a rum decanter, etc.*

Hoffmann.— Well, doctor, are you satisfied with my wife's looks?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Yes, she looks well enough; why shouldn she?

Hoffmann.— Do you think it will all pass off well?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I hope so.

Hoffmann (*after a pause, hesitatingly*).— Doctor, I've decided some — weeks back, in fact — to ask your advice in a very special matter, as soo as I got here.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*who so far has been answering without stoppin to write, now lays aside his pen and gets up, handing* Hoffmann *the pre scription.*) *There!* You'll have that filled right off; (*taking up his ha gloves, and cane*) — your wife complains of headaches, (*looking into hi hat, in a business-like tone*) — before I forget: please try to make your wif understand that she is to some extent responsible for the being that is soo

to enter the world. I have told her a few things myself — about the consequences of tight lacing.

Hoffmann.— Certainly, Dr. Schimmelpfennig. I shall certainly do my best to give her a ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*with an awkward bow*).— I bid you good day. (*He starts to go, stopping:*) Oh, yes! You wanted some advice from me, didn't you? (*Looks coldly at* HOFFMANN.)

Hoffmann.— Yes, if you have a moment more to spare. (*Not without affectation*).— You know about the terrible death of my first boy. You saw it from right close by. I suppose you also know how far gone I was at the time. After all that, I have at last cause for thankfulness; my most ardent wish, it seems, is to be fulfilled. You will realize that I must do all that is within my power.— It has cost me enough sleepless nights and yet I don't know how to set about shielding the being that is to come from the terrible fate of its little brother. And that is what I wanted to ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*dryly, in a business-like tone*).— Separate it from the mother; that is the principal and necessary condition for healthy development.

Hoffmann.— So that must be done? Do you mean complete separation? Isn't it to live in the same house, even?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— No, if you are serious about the preservation of your child, then by no means. Fortunately your financial circumstances allow you complete liberty in this respect.

Hoffmann.— Yes, thank heaven! And I have bought a villa near Hirschberg, with a very large park. Only, I wanted my wife also to ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*twirling his mustache and staring on the ground. Reflectively*).— Why don't you buy a villa somewhere else for your wife

(HOFFMANN *shrugs his shoulders.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*as before*).— Can't you interest your wife's sister — in the bringing up of this child?

Hoffmann.— If you knew, Dr. Schimmelpfennig, what obstacles — and besides — an inexperienced young girl — a mother is a mother, after all.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You have my opinion. Good day.

Hoffman (*bowing at him in an over-friendly manner*).— Good day, good day. I am exceedingly grateful to you. (*Both go out through the middle door.*)

(HELEN, *her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, sobbing, beside herself with emotion, enters and drops on the sofa in front, at the left. After a few moments* HOFFMANN *re-enters with newspapers.*)

Hoffmann.— Well, what's this? Tell me, Helen! Is this to go on

much longer? Since I've been here not a day has passed but that I've seen you crying.

Helen.— Oh! What do you know about it? If you had any feeling at all in such things you would be surprised at my not crying all the time.

Hoffmann.— I don't understand that — Helen!

Helen.— I do, though, all the better!

Hoffmann.— Something must have happened again; see here!

Helen (*jumping up and stamping her foot*).— Ugh! Ugh! I can't bear it any longer. It's got to stop! I can't suffer that any longer! I don't see why — I — (*stifling in tears*).

Hoffmann.— Won't you at least tell me what it is about, so that I ——

Helen (*again angrily bursting forth*).— I don't care! It can't be worse: I have a drunkard of a father, a beast — from whom his — his own daughter isn't safe. An adultress of a stepmother, who wants to hand me over to her own paramour. This whole life — no! I don't see why any one can compel me, might and main, to go wrong. I'm going away! I'm going to run away — and if you won't let me go, then — a rope, a knife or a revolver! — I don't care! I don't want to take to drink, like my sister.

Hoffmann (*terrified, taking hold of her arm*).— Nellie! I tell you, be quiet! Don't speak of that!

Helen.— I don't care! I don't care a particle! I'm — I'm disgusted with myself, to the bottom of my soul. I want to know something, to be somebody, to have a chance to be somebody — and what am I?

Hoffmann (*who has released her arm, begins to force the girl gradually toward the sofa. In the tone of his voice there is now a soft, exaggerated,— as it were, trembling — gentleness*).— *Nellie!* I know well enough that you have to put up with a great deal here. Only be calm — ! You needn't tell me that. (*He places his right hand caressingly on her shoulder and brings his face near to hers.*) I can't bear to see you crying. Honestly. It hurts me. But you mustn't see things blacker than they really are; and then — have you forgotten that we two — you and I — are, as it were, in the same position? I've come into these farmers' surroundings — do I fit into them? As little as you, I hope.

Helen (*still weeping*).— If my — dear, good — m — mother had dreamed of this — when she — when she decided — that I was to be brought up in — brought up in Herrnhut, she would have done better — she would have done better to have left me at home; then I should have — should at least never have known anything else; I should have — grown up in the morass here. But as it is ——

Hoffmann (*having drawn* HELEN *gently down onto the sofa, is now*

sitting beside her, close to her. The sensual element in his consolations becomes more and more evident).— Nellie! Look at me; don't feel bad about it; let me be your consolation. I need not speak to you of your sister. (*Warmly and full of feeling, clasping her more closely*).— Yes, if she were like you! But now — tell me yourself: what can she be to me? Where lives there a man, Nellie, an educated man — (*in a lower tone*)— whose wife is beset by so unfortunate a passion? It doesn't bear saying aloud: a woman — and — drink. *Now* tell me, am I more fortunate? Think of my little Freddie! Now am I any better off, after all? Am I? (*More and more passionately.*) Don't you see; here at last Fate has meant well. It has brought us together. We belong to each other! We are destined to be friends, with our like sorrows. Aren't we, Nellie? (*He throws his arms quite round her. She permits it, but with an expression that shows that she is forcing herself to submit to it. She has become quiet and seems to be waiting with trembling expectation for something, some certainty, some inevitably approaching consummation.*)

Hoffmann (*tenderly*).— You ought to follow my suggestion; you ought to leave this house and come to live with us. The child that is coming needs a mother. Come, be a mother to it; (*passionately moved, with sentiment:*) — otherwise — it won't have any mother. And then, too; bring a little, only a very, very little brightness into my life. Do! — Do! (*He tries to lean his head against her breast. She jumps up, indignant. In her gesture appears disdain, surprise, disgust, hatred.*)

Helen.— Konrad! You're a — you're a — Now I know you through and through. Until now I only felt it, vaguely. Now I know it, for certain.

Hoffmann (*taken by surprise, disconcerted*).— What? Helen — strange, I must say.

Helen.— Now I know for certain that you aren't a hair's breadth better — oh, what am I saying! You're worse — you're the worst of them all here!

Hoffmann (*rising, with assumed coldness*).— Your conduct to-day is very peculiar, do you know it?

Helen (*stepping close up to him*).— You have only one single aim. (*Half aloud into his ear*). But you have far different weapons from my father or my stepmother, or my worthy Mr. Bridegroom, far different. Compared to you they are lambs, the whole crew of them. Now, now, suddenly, this very minute that has become clear as day to me.

Hoffmann (*with feigned indignation*).— Nell! You are — You are not in your right senses; why, that's stark madness. (*He interrupts himself. Beating his forehead.*) Lord, how I do all of a sudden — of course!

You have — it's very early in the day, to be sure, but I wager you have — Helen, you have been talking with Alfred Loth this morning.

Helen.— Why shouldn't I have been talking with him? He is a man before whom we should all have to hide with shame, if things were as they should be.

Hoffmann.— Oh, really! Oh, that's it! Why, of co — ourse! To be sure — I must not wonder at that —Well, well, well, so he used the opportunity to drag his benefactor in the mud a little. One ought always to be prepared for that, of course.

Helen.— Konrad! That is simply outrageous.

Hoffmann.— I almost think so myself!

Helen.— Not one word, not one mortal word did he say about you.

Hoffmann (*ignoring* HELEN'S *last words.*)— If *that's* the way things are going, it is simply my duty, my duty, I say, as a relative, toward a girl as inexperienced as you are, to ——

Helen.— A girl as inexperienced as I am? I like the way you talk!

Hoffmann (*losing his temper*).— Loth came into this house on my responsibility. Now you must know,— he is — to put it mildly — a ver-ry dan-gerous crank, this Mr. Loth.

Helen.— Your saying that about Mr. Loth has for me something — absurd about it — something ridiculously absurd.

Hoffmann.— A crank who has the gift of turning not only women's heads, but even those of sensible people.

Helen.— There you see: *again* one of those absurdities! Ever since the few words I spoke with Mr. Loth, my head has been so clear ——

Hoffmann (*in a reproving tone*).— What I am telling you is by no means absurd.

Helen.— One must have a sense for the absurd, and that is exactly what you lack.

Hoffmann (*as before*).— That is not the question now. I tell you again that I am not saying anything absurd, but something that I must ask you to accept as actual fact — I learned it from my own personal experience; he clouds up your head and you dream about the brotherhood of nations, about liberty and equality, you disdain tradition and morals. We were ready in those days — heaven knows — to walk to our goal over the corpses of our fathers and mothers, all for the sake of those dreams. And he, I tell you, would do that to-day, if need were.

Helen.— How many fathers and mothers, I wonder, in a year walk, over the corpses of their children without any one's ever ——

Hoffmann (*interrupting her*).— That's nonsense! That's *too* much!

warn you, beware of him in every — I warn you expressly, in *every* way. There is no vestige of moral scruples in him.

Helen.— My, how absurd this is, again. Believe me, Konrad, if one only starts to watch out for it — it's so awfully interesting ——

Hoffmann.— Say what you please, I've warned you. I merely want to tell you in strict confidence; a hair's breadth, and I would have got terribly into the soup that time, through him and with him.

Helen.— If this man is so dangerous, why were you so sincerely glad, yesterday, when he ——

Hoffmann.— Lord, yes! He's an old friend, you see! And are you so sure that there are not very definite reasons for my ——

Helen.— Reasons? In what way?

Hoffmann.— Oh, well. Of course, if he had come to-day and I knew what I know now ——

Helen.— What do you know, pray? I have told you that he did not utter one single word about you.

Hoffmann.— Depend on it, I should have thought it over twice and probably taken good care not to keep him here. Loth is and always will be a man whose society compromises. The authorities have an eye on him.

Helen.— Why, has he committed some crime?

Hoffmann.— Don't let us talk about it. Let it suffice, Helen, if I give you this assurance: to go about the world with such views as his is much worse nowadays, and above all much more dangerous, than it is to steal.

Helen.— I'll remember that. But now — Konrad! Do you hear? Don't ask me — what I think of *you*, after what you have said about Mr. Loth. Do you hear?

Hoffmann (*with cynical coldness*).— Do you really think I care so very much about knowing that? (*Pressing the bell.*) And here I hear him coming, for that matter.

(*Enter* LOTH.)

Hoffmann.— Well? Sleep well, old man?

Loth.— Well, but not long. Tell me, please: I saw some one coming out of the house a short while ago, a gentleman.

Hoffmann.— Presumably the doctor, who was just here. I told you, didn't I? That peculiar mixture of hardness and sentimentality.

(HELEN *is conferring with* EDWARD, *who has just entered. He goes out and soon returns, serving tea and coffee.*)

Loth.— Well, this mixture, as you call him, looked awfully like an old college friend of mine,— I could have sworn it was he,— one Schimmelpfennig.

Hoffmann (*sitting down at the breakfast table*).— Why, yes, quite right Schimmelpfennig!

Loth.— Right, did you say?

Hoffmann.— His name is, for a fact, Schimmelpfennig.

Loth.— Who? The doctor here?

Hoffmann.— You just said so, didn't you? Yes, the doctor.

Loth.— Well, then — but that *is* really strange! It is surely he, then —

Hoffmann.— There you are, great souls find one another,— on sea and on land. You won't mind if I start, will you? We were just sitting down to breakfast, you see. Sit down, please! You haven't eaten breakfast anywhere, have you?

Loth.— No.

Hoffmann.— Well, then, here you are. (*Without rising he shoves out a chair for* LOTH. *Then, to* EDWARD, *who is bringing tea and coffee.*) Hey! Isn't — a — Mrs. Krause coming?

Edward.— The madam and Mrs. Spiller will breakfast in their room.

Hoffmann.— Well, that's something brand ——

Helen (*pushing the service into place*).— Never mind! There's a reason.

Hoffmann.— Loth, help yourself! An egg? Some tea?

Loth.— Could I perhaps have a glass of milk instead?

Hoffmann.— With pleasure.

Helen.— Edward, have Millie get some fresh milk!

Hoffmann (*peeling an egg*).— Milk — brrr! It makes me shiver. (*Taking salt and pepper.*) Tell me, Loth; what brings you to our part of the country, after all? I've forgotten to ask you before this.

Loth (*buttering a roll*).— I want to study the conditions round here.

Hoffmann (*looking up*).— Beg your pardon? What sort of conditions?

Loth.— To be precise: I want to study the situation of the miner hereabouts.

Hoffmann.— Oh, that is in general a very good one.

Loth.— Do you think so? Well, that would be very fine. But before I forget: you must do me a favor in connection with this matter. You can be of great service to the cause of political economy, if you ——

Hoffmann.— I? My! How can *I*?

Loth.— You have the agency for the mines in this district, haven't you?

Hoffmann.— Yes! And what of it?

Loth.— Then it will of course be a simple matter for you to procure for me permission to view the mines. That is to say, I should like to de

end every day for at least a few weeks, until I know with some thoroughness how things are run.

Hoffmann (*lightly*).— And I suppose you intend to write a description of what you see down there?

Loth.— Yes, my essay is to be chiefly descriptive.

Hoffmann.— Well, I am very sorry, but I have nothing to do with that matter. You want to write about the miners only, don't you?

Loth.— That question shows you are not an economist.

Hoffmann (*whose pride is hurt*).— I beg your pardon! I hope you will credit me with —— Why? I don't see why one can't ask that question. And, after all, it's not surprising if — one can't know everything.

Loth.— Oh, calm yourself. It's just this: if I want to study the condition of the miners of this district, I must inevitably deal with the surroundings that bring about this condition.

Hoffmann.— That sort of writings often contain horrible exaggerations.

Loth.— I intend to avoid this mistake.

Hoffmann.— That will be very praiseworthy. (*He has been now and then casting short, probing glances at* HELEN, *who is listening to* LOTH'S *every word with childlike devotion; he now casts another such glance, and continues:*) But — it's awfully funny how a little thing like that suddenly occurs to one. I wonder how such things come about in one's brain.

Loth.— What has so suddenly occurred to you?

Hoffmann.— It is about you. I thought of your en —— No, I daresay it's tactless to speak of the secrets of your heart before a young lady.

Helen.— In that case, hadn't I better ——

Loth.— Please don't, Miss Krause! Please, don't bother,— at least, not on my account. I saw awhile ago what was coming. It's really nothing dangerous. (*To* HOFFMANN.) My engagement, isn't that it?

Hoffmann.— Now that you say it yourself, yes! I was thinking of your engagement to Anna Faber.

Loth.— It was broken off — naturally — when I had to go to prison.

Hoffmann.— That wasn't handsome of your ——

Loth.— At any rate, it was honest of her! Her letter of renunciation contained her real aspect; if she had shown me that aspect sooner, she would have saved herself and me too a number of things.

Hoffmann.— And since then your heart has not cast anchor anywhere?

Loth.— No.

Hoffmann.— Of course! That's it; thrown away your gun — forsworn marriage! Forsworn it, as you have drinking! Haven't you? Well, *chacun à son goût.*

Loth.— It is not exactly my taste, but perhaps my fate. And I thin I have told you that I have forsworn nothing with regard to marriag what I fear is that there will be no woman to suit me.

Hoffmann.— That's a big thing to say, Lothy.

Loth.— I am serious! It may be that one becomes too critical wit years and has too little healthy instinct. I consider instinct the best gua anty of a suitable choice.

Hoffmann (*frivolously*).— That will reappear sometime, don't fre (*Laughing.*) Instinct, I mean.

Loth.— After all, what have I to offer a woman? I have come t doubt more and more if I can ever expect a woman to be content with th small part of myself that does not belong to my life work — and I have fea about supporting a family.

Hoffmann.— Wha-at? About supporting a family? Man alive Haven't you a head and arms, hey?

Loth.— As you see. But I have told you that my working power be longs for the most part to my life work and will always in the main belon to it; it is no longer mine. Moreover, I should have to contend with quit extraordinary difficulties ——

Hoffmann.— Hush! Doesn't that sound a little hollow?

Loth.— You take it for empty phrase-making?

Hoffmann.— It does sound a little hollow, to tell the truth! After al we married men aren't Hottentots — even if we are married. Some peopl always act as if they had a monopoly on all the good deeds that are to b done in this world.

Loth (*excitedly*).— Not at all! I'm not thinking of that at all! If yo had not forsaken your life work, it would be due, among other things, to you fortunate material position.

Hoffmann (*ironically*).— So that also would be one of your demands I suppose.

Loth.— Demands? What do you mean?

Hoffmann.— I mean you would, in marrying, have an eye on money.

Loth.— Certainly.

Hoffmann.— And then — if I know you there is a long string of othe requirements.

Loth.— So there is! Physical and mental health of the woman, fo instance, is a *conditio sine qua non.*

Hoffmann (*laughing*).— Splendid! Why, then, I suppose, a medica examination of the lady will be necessary, beforehand. Holy Pickerel!

Loth (*keeping his seriousness*).— But I also make demands on mysel you must remember.

Hoffmann (*more and more amused*).— I know, I know! How you went through all the literature on love once upon a time, in order to decide quite conscientiously whether your feelings for a certain lady were really love or not. Well, tell us a few more of your demands.

Loth.— My wife would, for instance, have to be accustomed to resignation.

Helen.— If — if — oh, I'd rather not say anything — I merely wanted to say, women are in general accustomed to resignation, aren't they?

Loth.— Oh, dear me! You misunderstand me completely. I don't mean that, by resignation. I demand resignation only to this extent,— or better: only with regard to that part of my being which belongs to my chosen work, she would have to practice resignation willingly and cheerfully. No, no! For the rest, my wife would be able to ask and to demand all she pleased — to demand all that her sex has forfeited in the course of thousands of years.

Hoffmann.— Wow! wow! wow! Emancipation of women! Really, that sudden turn of yours was remarkable. Now you're in the right channel. Dear Loth, or the vest pocket agitator! How would you formulate your demands in this respect, or rather, to what extent would your wife have to be emancipated? It amuses me, really, to listen to you. Would she have to smoke cigars? Wear trousers?

Loth.— Not exactly that — but — she would, to be sure, have to be above and beyond certain prejudices of society. She would, for instance, have to be ready — in case she really loved me, of course — to be the first to make the avowal.

Hoffmann (*who has finished breakfast, jumps up in half-serious, half-comical indignation*).— Do you know, that is — that is — a simply shameless demand! With which, for that matter, you will — as I hereby prophecy — go about to the end of your life — unless, of course, you decide to drop it.

Helen (*with difficulty overcoming her excitement*).— I must ask you to excuse me, gentlemen — the household — you know, Konrad, mother is staying in her room, and then ——

Hoffmann.— Don't let us keep you.

(HELEN *bows; exit.*)

Hoffmann (*taking out his match safe and stepping toward the small box of cigars which is standing on the sideboard*).— That's a fact — you get me quite excited — quite unpleasantly so. (*Taking a cigar from the box, he sits down on the sofa in the foreground at the left. He cuts off the end of the cigar and during the following speech holds the cigar in his left hand and the severed end between the fingers of his right.*) In spite of that — it amuses me, all the same. And then, you can't imagine how much good it does a fellow

to spend a few days in the country like this, far away from his business. I only it weren't for that confounded — what time *is* it? You see, I have t go to a dinner in the city to-day, curse the luck. It couldn't be helpec I had to give this dinner. What can one do, as a business man? On hand washes the other. The mine inspectors are used to it, that's al Well! One can always smoke one's cigar — in peace and quiet. (*H carries the end to the cuspidor and again sits down on the sofa and lights h cigar.*)

Loth (*at the table; standing up, he is glancing through a de lux volume*).— The Adventures of Count Sandor.

Hoffmann.— You will find this trash on the table in most of the house here.

Loth (*still turning the leaves of the book*).— How old is your sister in law

Hoffmann.— She was twenty-one in August.

Loth.— Is she ailing?

Hoffmann.— I don't know. I don't think so. Does she make th impression on you?

Loth.— She looks more worried than sick, to be sure.

Hoffmann.— Of course! All that trouble with her stepmother ——

Loth.— She seems rather excitable, too!

Hoffmann.— Amid such surroundings — I should like to see any or that wouldn't become excitable in such surroundings ——

Loth.— She seems to have a good deal of energy.

Hoffmann.— Stubbornness!

Loth.— Spirit, too, though — don't you think?

Hoffmann.— Too much of it, at times ——

Loth.— If the surroundings here are so unsuited to her — why doesn your sister in law live in your family?

Hoffmann.— Ask her why! I've offered it to her often enoug Women folks have their silly ideas, that's all. (*Cigar in mouth*, HOFFMAN *draws out a note-book and figures up a few entries.*) You won't be offende will you, if I — if I have to leave you to yourself?

Loth.— No, not at all.

Hoffmann.— How long do you expect to —— ?

Loth.— I shall look for a room very soon. Where does Schimme pfennig live, by the way? I think it would be best if I saw him. He w surely be able to find something for me. I hope I can find something sui able soon, otherwise I shall spend the coming night at the inn next do here.

Hoffmann.— Why on earth should you? Of course you would st

ll to-morrow with us in that case. To be sure, I am only a guest in this ouse myself,— otherwise I should ask you, of course —— You under- and!

Loth.— Certainly!

Hoffmann.— But pray, tell me — was that really your serious in- ntion?

Loth.— To spend the night at the —— ?

Hoffmann.— Nonsense! Oh, my, no! I mean what you said a while go. That story about — your crazy descriptive essay?

Loth.— Why shouldn't it be?

Hoffmann.— I must confess to you, I thought you were jesting. (*He ses. Confidentially, half jestingly:*) What? Are you really capable of ndermining the ground here — of all places here, where a friend of yours as succeeded in safely setting foot?

Loth.— My word of honor, Hoffmann! I had no idea that you were ere. Had I known that ——

Hoffmann (*jumping up, rejoicingly*).— All right! All right! If *that's* ne way things stand — You see, it gratifies me, *sincerely*, that I wasn't mis- aken in you. Well, now you know it,— and, of course, I shall reimburse ou for the expenses of the trip and everything that goes with it. Don't re- use! It's simply my duty as a friend. That's where I know my old, honest oth! Just imagine, I really seriously suspected you, for a while, — ut now I must tell you, honestly: I'm not nearly so bad as I make myself ut at times. I have always valued you highly, you and your honest, con- istent endeavor. I should be the last to deny certain, I am sorry, sorry to ay, more than justified demands of the poor, oppressed masses. Yes, just mile, I even go so far as to say that there is only one party in the legislature hat has ideals, and that is the one to which you belong! Only — as I have lways said — slowly! slowly! Don't hurry too much. It will all come, it vill all come as it must. Only, patience! Patience ——

Loth.— Patience, to be sure, one must have. But that does not justify ne in sitting around with folded hands and just waiting.

Hoffmann.— Exactly my view! I have always agreed with you far ore in thought than in words. It's a bad habit, I admit. I got it dealing ith people to whom I don't like to show my cards. About the woman's ights question, too — you said a number of very true things. (*He has mean- hile stepped to the telephone; he rings up, and speaks partly into the tele- hone, partly to* Loth.) My little sister, by the way, was all ears. (*into he telephone.*) Frank, have the horses hitched up in ten minutes! (*To* Loth.) It made an impression on her. (*Into the telephone.*) What?

Oh, bosh! Nonsense! Well, that *is* the — Then hitch up the black hors as quick as you can. (*To Loth.*) Why shouldn't it make an impression o her? (*Into the telephone.*) Great guns! To the milliner's, you say The madam — the ma — Yes — Yes! but at once! Yes, yes! All righ Good by! (*After pressing the button of the servants' bell, to* LOTH.) Ju you wait! Only let me first accumulate the necessary pile of cash,— the perhaps, something will happen. (*Enter* EDWARD.) Edward, my leggings my walking coat! (*Exit* EDWARD.) Then, perhaps, something w happen that you all don't expect of me now — in two or three days — unt then you must stay with us — I should consider it a gross insult if yo didn't — (*taking off his morning gown*) — in two or three days, then, whe you want to leave, I shall take you to the train in my carriage.

(*Enter* EDWARD, *with the walking coat and the leggings.*)

Hoffmann (*letting* EDWARD *help him into the coat*).— There! (*Sittin down on a chair.*) Now the boots! (*After putting on one of them.*) There one!

Loth.— You don't seem to have quite understood me, after all.

Hoffmann.— Oh, yes! That is easily possible. I'm so out of a these things. Nothing but dry business affairs, all the time. Edwar hasn't any mail come yet? Wait a minute! Go into my room, won't you On the desk, to your left, is a bundle of papers with a blue cover; bring it o and put it into the carriage. (*Exit* EDWARD *through the door at the righ then he re-enters and goes out through the middle door.*)

Loth.— All I mean is that you haven't understood me in respect to on thing.

Hoffmann (*still wrestling with the second shoe*).— Whoa! Then (*He gets up and stamps down the shoes.*) Here we are! There's nothin more uncomfortable than tight shoes. What were you saying just now?

Loth.— You spoke of my departure.

Hoffmann.— Well?

Loth.— And I have already told you that I have to stay in this place f a very definite purpose.

Hoffmann (*utterly baffled and indignant at the same time*).— Well, must say! This is almost *unprin*cipled! Don't you know what you owe me as a friend?

Loth.— Not the betrayal of my cause, I hope!

Hoffmann (*beside himself*).— Well, then — then I have not even th slightest reason to act toward you as a friend. I tell you, therefore: I co sider your appearance here — to put it mildly — as a piece of unheard- impudence.

Loth (*very calmly*).— Perhaps you will explain to me what gives you e right to ——

Hoffmann.— You want me to explain that to you? This *is* the limit various things! It must take the hide of a rhinoceros, not to perceive a ing like that! You come here, enjoy my hospitality, thresh out a few ore of your hackneyed phrases, turn my sister in law's head, jabber about r old friendship and such things, and then you come and tell me, cool as a cumber, that you want to write up a descriptive essay about the conditions re! Why, what do you take me for? Do you suppose I don't know that ch essays are nothing else than shameless libels? You want to write a nunciation like that, and about our coal region. Do you mean to say at you don't comprehend whom this yellow article would hurt most? hy, *me*, just me! I say they ought to get after you fellows more vigorously an they have so far, you demagogues! That's what you are! What do u do? You make the miners discontented and presumptuous, you stir em up, embitter them, make them angry, disobedient, and unhappy, you cture mountains of gold to them and meanwhile snatch out of their pockets e few pennies that stand between them and starvation.

Loth.— Do you consider yourself unmasked now?

Hoffmann (*coarsely*).— Oh, bosh! You ridiculous, pompous virtue-iveller! A lot I care about being unmasked by you! Go and work! eave your silly tomfooleries! Go and do something! Accomplish some-ing! I don't have to go and sponge on any one for two hundred marks. (*Exit rapidly through the middle door.*)

(*For a few minutes* Loth *calmly gazes after him; then he reaches, with diminished calm, into his breast pocket, draws out a card case, and takes ut of it a piece of paper*—Hoffmann's *check*—*which he tears through several nes, dropping the scraps slowly into the coal bin. Then he takes his hat d cane and turns to go. At this moment* Helen *appears on the threshold the conservatory.*)

Helen (*softly*).— Mr. Loth!

Loth (*starts, then turns round*).— Oh! It is you. Well — then — I n at least say farewell to you.

Helen (*involuntarily*).— Did you feel the need of it?

Loth.— Yes! I felt the need of it. I suppose — if you were in there — u heard the scene here — and you ——

Helen.— I heard it all.

Loth.— Well — then — you will not be surprised if I leave this house ithout special fuss or ceremony.

Helen.— N — no! I understand! Perhaps you will feel less harshly

toward him. Konrad always repents very quickly. I have often ——

Loth.— Quite possible! But, perhaps for that very reason what I said about me is his true opinion of me. In fact, it is his true opinion.

Helen.— Do you think so, seriously?

Loth.— Yes! Seriously! And so — (*He goes up to her and shak hands with her.*) I wish you good luck! (*He turns to go and immediate stops short.*) I don't know! or rather — (*looking openly and calmly in* HELEN'S *face*) — I know, I have known since — since this moment that is not quite easy for me to go away from here — and — yes — and — we yes!

Helen.— But if I — begged you — very much — to stay a while longe

Loth.— So you do not share your brother's opinion?

Helen.— No! And that — was what I wanted without fail — wit out fail to say to you before — before — you — went.

Loth (*again taking her hand*).— It really does me good to hear tha

Helen (*struggling with herself. She is in a state of excitement that rapidly growing even to unconsciousness. She stammers forth, with di culty*).— There was something else, too, that — I w — anted to tell you: that — that I — respect you very much and — appreciate you — more than ever — than I ever did any man — and that I — have confidence in you, that I am rea — ready to — to prove it — that I — feel — something f you. (*She faints into his arms.*)

Loth.— Helen!

The curtain falls rapidly.

ACT IV

Scene as in the second act, the farmyard. Time: fifteen minutes af HELEN'S *avowal of love.*

MARY *and* GUS *the cowboy are dragging a wooden chest down the sta from the loft.* LOTH, *ready for traveling, comes out of the house and wa slowly across the yard. As he is about to turn into the path that leads to t inn, he runs into* HOFFMANN, *who is coming in considerable haste from t opposite direction, through the entrance to the yard.*)

Hoffmann (*silk hat, kid gloves*).— Don't be angry at me. (*He g into* LOTH'S *way and takes hold of both his hands.*) I take it all back! T me how I can make it up to you! I am ready to make any reparation! am sorry, sincerely sorry for all ——

Loth.— That does us both little good.

Hoffmann.— Oh! If you would only — look here! One can't do more, really. I tell you, my conscience gave me no peace! Almost at the corner I turned round. That ought to show you that I'm in earnest. Where are you going?

Loth.— To the inn — for the present.

Hoffmann.— Oh, you can't do me such a wrong! Don't inflict that on me! I know I must have sorely offended you. And I daresay it can't be settled up like this with a few words. Only don't deny me an opportunity — a chance to prove to you — do you hear? Turn around! At least, stay till — till to-morrow. Or till — till I come back. I've got to talk it over quietly once more, at leisure; you can't refuse me that.

Loth.— If you care especially about it ——

Hoffmann.— I care exceedingly! On my honor! I care exceedingly! So come on! come on! Don't run away! Come on! (*He leads the cow unresisting* Loth *back into the house. Exeunt both.*)

(*The discharged maid and the cowboy have meanwhile set the chest on the wheelbarrow;* Gus *has taken the strap round his waist.*)

Mary (*pressing something into* Gus's *hand*).— There, Gus, ye got somethin'!

The boy (*refusing it*).— Keep yer money!

Mary.— Aw! Stupid feller!

The boy.— Well, f'r all I care. (*He takes the money and puts it into his leather purse.*)

Mrs. Spiller (*calling from one of the windows of the house*).— Mary!

Mary.— What do you want now?

Mrs. Spiller (*a minute later, coming out of the house door*).— Mrs. Krause is willing to keep you, if you promise ——

Mary.— A peck o' dirt I'll promise her! Go ahead, Gus!

Mrs. Spiller (*stepping nearer*).— Mrs. Krause is also willing to increase your wages, if you — (*suddenly whispering:*) Don't you care, girl! She hits a little hot oncet in a while.

Mary (*raging*).— Let her keep her few shillin's for herself! — (*petulantly*) — I'd rather starve! (*She follows* Gus, *who has gone ahead with the wheelbarrow.*) Just to think of it, why! You could just go an' —— (*Exit* Mrs. Spiller, *following her.*)

(*Through the middle and chief entrance comes* Baer, *called "Jumping-Baer." He is a long, thin fellow, with a giraffe neck and a goitre. He is barefoot and without head covering; his trousers, badly frayed at the bottom, do not reach far below his knees. The top of his head is bald; what hair he has is brown, dusty, and stickily tangled, reaching down over his shoulders.*

His walk resembles that of an ostrich. He draws by a string a child's to cart full of sand. His face is beardless; his whole appearance indicates neglected peasant lad in the twenties.)

Baer (in a strange, bleating voice).— Sa — a — and! Sa — and!

(He walks across the yard, disappearing between the house and the stabl HOFFMANN *and* HELEN *come out of the house.* HELEN *looks pale; she carrying an empty tumbler in her hand.)*

Hoffmann (to HELEN).— Amuse him a little! Do you see? Don't l him go — I am very anxious about it. Injured vanity like that. Good b Oh, do you think I'd better not go, after all? How is Martha? I have strange feeling as if it might — nonsense! — good by! Awful hurr *(Calling.)* Frank! As fast as the horses can go! *(Exit rapidly throug the main entrance.)*

(HELEN *goes to the pump, fills the empty glass, and drains it at a draugh She drinks half of a second glass of water. Then she sets the glass down o the pump and ambles out through the gateway, slowly, from time to time loo ing back.* BAER, *coming out from between the dwelling house and the stable stops with his cart at the house door, where* MILLIE *takes sand from hir Meanwhile* KAHL *has appeared at the right, within the boundary fence, talkin to* MRS. SPILLER, *who is on this side of the fence and therefore close to th entrance of the yard. Both of them are walking slowly along the fence, conversation.)*

Mrs. Spiller (plaintively).— Oh, yes — m — Mr. Kahl! I have — — now and then — m — thought of you — m — when — when Miss Krau — You see, now as she is — m — so to speak — m — engaged to you, an — oh! — m — In my time —— !

Kahl (stepping up on the bench under the oak tree and fastening a bi trap to the lowest branch).— Whe — when will the — thth — that s — ss slob of a d — doctor g — g — go his w — wwways? Hn?

Mrs. Spiller.— Oh, Mr. Kahl! I think — m — not so soon. O Mr. — m — Kahl, I am, so to speak — m — down in the world, but I kno — m — so to speak — m — what cultsher is. In this respect, Mr. Kahl, Miss Helen — m — Miss Krause — don't act right to you — no! — m In this respect, so to speak — m — I have never been at fault — m — m conscience — m — dear Mr. Kahl, is so clear in this respect — so to speal like new fallen snow.

(BAER *has transacted his sand business and is leaving the yard, walkin past* KAHL.)

Kahl (seeing BAER *calls).*— Jumpin' Baer, jump!

(BAER *makes a huge jump into the air.)*

Kahl (*whinnying with laughter, shouts a second time*).— Jumpin'-aer, jump!

Mrs. Spiller.— Well, and — m — yes, Mr. Kahl! I mean well with ou. You must watch out — m — Mr. Kahl! There — m — there is mething going on with Miss Helen and — m — m ——

Kahl.— Th — that s — slob of a doctor — if I c — could j — just — w — oncet git m — m — my d — ddogs. Just w — w — oncet!

Mrs. Spiller (*mysteriously*).— And what a character he is — m — that. Oh — m — I'm *so* sorry for Miss Helen. The wife — m — of e bailiff, she has it officially, I guess. She says he's — m — a very angerous man. Her husband — m — has orders, so to speak — m — just ink of it, has orders — m — to keep an eye on him.

(Loth *comes from the house and looks round.*)

Mrs. Spiller.— You see, now he's going after Miss Helen — m — — oh, it's too bad.

Kahl.— Just you wait! (*Exit.*)

(Mrs. Spiller *goes to the house door. As she passes* Loth *she makes a ow bow. Exit into the house.*)

Exit Loth *slowly through the gateway. The coachman's wife, a lean, maciated, starved woman, comes out from between the stable and the house. he is carrying a large jar hidden under her apron, and is sneaking with it the cowshed, anxiously glancing in all directions. The two maids, each ushing before her a clover-laden wheelbarrow, come in through the gateway.* Beibst, *with his scythe over his shoulder and his stubby pipe in his mouth, is ollowing them.* Lizzie *has pushed her wheelbarrow to the left-hand stable oor,* Gussie *hers to the right-hand one, and both girls commence to carry large rmfuls of clover into the stable.*)

Lizzie (*coming empty-handed from the stable*).— Say, Gussie, Mary's gone!

Gussie.— Aw, come on?

Lizzie.— Go on in! Ask the coachman's wife, she's gettin' her a drop o' milk.

Beibst (*hanging his scythe on the wall*).— Well, don't let Spiller git wind o' that!

Gussie.— Oh, gee, no! I should say not! Gosh, no!

Lizzie.— Such a poor woman, an' eight of 'em.

Gussie.— Eight little brats! They want to live.

Lizzie.— They don't ever give her a drop o' milk. It's mean.

Gussie.— Where's she milkin'?

Lizzie.— Way in back, Venus.

Beibst (*filling his pipe*) *holding his tobacco pouch between his teet* *he mumbles:*) Mary's gone, d' you say?

Lizzie.— Sure, sure she is, fer sure. The parson's hired man sle with her.

Beibst (*putting his tobacco-pouch in his pocket*).— Sometime every o gets a spell — a woman, too. (*He lights his pipe, then exit through t main entrance; in leaving:*) I'm goin' to get a little breakfast.

The coachman's wife (*the jar of milk carefully hidden under her apro looking out of the stable door*).— D'ye see anybody?

Lizzie.— You can come out; no one's in sight. Come on, hurry u

The coachman's wife (*in passing, to the maids*): It's fer the little bab too.

Lizzie (*calling after her*).— Hurry up! Some one's comin'! (*Ex* COACHMAN'S WIFE *between the dwelling house and the stable.*)

Gussie.— It's only the Miss.

(*The maids keep on unloading the wheelbarrows; when empty they pus them under the gateway; then exeunt, both into the cowshed. Enter* LOT *and* HELEN, *by the gateway.*)

Loth.— He's a nasty fellow, that Kahl! A shameless eavesdroppe

Helen.— In the arbor in front I think. (*They go through the little ga into the patch of garden in the foreground at the left, and thence into the arbor* This is my favorite spot. Here at least I am undisturbed if I want to rea

Loth.— It is a pretty spot, really. (*They sit down in the arbor, som distance apart. Silence. Then* LOTH *says:*) You have such beautiful, ric hair, Miss Helen!

Helen.— Oh, yes, Konrad, says so too. He said he didn't think h had seen its like — not even in the city. The braid up above is as thic as my wrist. When I undo it it reaches to my knees. Feel of it! feels like silk, doesn't it?

Loth.— Just like silk. (*A tremor runs through him; he bends over an kisses her hair.*)

Helen (*frightened*).— Oh, don't! If ——

Loth.— Helen! Weren't you serious, before?

Helen.— Oh — I'm so terribly ashamed! What have I done? I've — I've thrown myself at you. What must you think of me!

Loth (*moving nearer to her, takes her hand in his*).— If you would s yourself at rest about that!

Helen (*sighing*).— Oh, Sister Schmittgen ought to know this — I don dare picture it!

Loth.— Who is Sister Schmittgen?

Helen.— A teacher at my boarding-school.

Loth.— How *can* you worry about Sister Schmittgen?

Helen.— She was very good! (*Suddenly bursting into a hearty laugh.*)

Loth.— What makes you laugh so, all of a sudden?

Helen (*half way between reverence and jest*).— Oh! When she stood the choir and sang — she had only one, solitary, long tooth — and she tried sing: "In the Lord put I my trust" and it always sounded like "In the ord put I my rust!" It was too funny. We always had to laugh so — hen she sang so you could hear it all over the hall — "In the Lord I put y rust." (*She cannot stop laughing;* LOTH *becomes infected with her mirth. he seems so sweet to him that he tries to use the moment to put his arm und her.* HELEN *wards him off.*) Oh, no, don't; I threw myself at you.

Loth.— Oh, don't say such things!

Helen.— But it isn't my fault; you have yourself to blame for it. Vhy do you demand that ——

(LOTH *again puts his arm round her and draws her closer to him. At rst she resists a little, then she gives in and looks with unperturbed happiness nto* LOTH'S *face, which is bending over hers, intoxicated with happiness. Unexpectedly, from a kind of bashfulness, she first kisses him on the mouth. oth blush, then* LOTH *returns the kiss; his mouth closely and firmly presses ers for a long time. Giving and taking kisses is for a while their only speech, ilent, yet eloquent.* LOTH *is the first to speak.*)

Loth.— Nell,— isn't it? Nell is what they call you here?

Helen (*kissing him*).— Don't call me that. Call me anything you choose.

Loth.— Dearest! ——

(*The play of exchanging kisses and looking at one another repeats itself.*)

Helen (*tightly clasped in* LOTH'S *arms, her head on his breast, with eiled, blissful eyes, whispers, in her exaltation*).— Oh! — how beautiful! How beautiful!

Loth.— To die with you like this!

Helen (*passionately*).— To live! (*Freeing herself from his arms.*) Why die now? Now ——

Loth.— You must not misunderstand that. I have always loved to dwell on the thought — especially in moments of joy, I have always loved to dwell on the thought of having it in my power — you know?

Helen.— Of having it in your power to die?

Loth (*without the slightest sentimentality*).— Yes, and then it has nothing errible for me; on the contrary, something friendly. You know for certain that if you call death will come. It's a way of lifting oneself out of

everything, past — and future — (*looking at* HELEN'S *hand*). You ha such a beautiful hand. (*Caressing it.*)

Helen.— Oh, yes! — it —— (*She again presses herself into his arm*

Loth.— Do you know, I have never lived! — not till now!

Helen.— Do you think I have? I am almost dizzy — I'm dizzy wi happiness. Dear! How — how very suddenly it all ——

Loth.— Yes, so *sud*-denly ——

Helen.— Listen: this is how I feel; all the time of my life — a day! yesterday and to-day — a year! Isn't that it?

Loth.— Was it only yesterday that I came here?

Helen.— Certainly! Why, yes! — of course! Oh, my! You don even know it!

Loth.— It really seems to me, too ——

Helen.— Doesn't it? Like a whole, big year! Doesn't it? (*Ha jumping up.*) Wait! Isn't there some one — coming — (*They mo apart.* Oh! I don't —care. I'm so brave now. (*She remains sittin and encourages* LOTH *with a glance to move nearer, which he at once does*

Helen (*in* LOTH'S *arms*).— Dear! What shall we do first, now?

Loth.— Your stepmother will probably — object to me.

Helen.— Oh, my stepmother — that won't — it's none of her busines I shall do what I please — I have my inheritance from my mother, you mu know.

Loth.— And you think that that ——

Helen.— I am of age; my father must pay it to me.

Loth.— You don't get along well — with the others here, do you Where is your father traveling?

Helen.— Tra — did you —— ? Oh, you haven't seen my father?

Loth.— No! Hoffmann told me ——

Helen.— Oh, yes! You *have* seen him once.

Loth.— Not that I know of. Where, dearest?

Helen.— I — (*bursting into tears*). No, I — I can't tell you — it too awfully terrible.

Loth.— Awfully terrible? But Helen! Has anything happened your ——

Helen.— Oh! Don't ask me! Not now! Some other time!

Loth.— I shan't ask you what you don't want to tell me of your ow free will, I'm sure — and listen, as far as money is concerned — in t worst case — I don't earn overly much, of course, at writing articles, but think, after all, it ought to be quite decently sufficient for us both.

Helen.— And of course I shouldn't be idle, either. But better

setter. My inheritance is quite enough — and you ought not give up — o, you ought not give up your work under any circumstances — now less nan ever! Now you are really going to have your hands free at last.

Loth (*kissing her fondly*).— Dear, noble creature!

Helen.— Do you really love me? Really? Really?

Loth.— Really.

Helen.— Say 'really' a hundred times?

Loth.— Really, really and truly.

Helen.— Oh, you're cheating!

Loth.— The 'truly' counts a hundred 'reallys.'

Helen.— Oh! In Berlin, I suppose?

Loth.— No, in Witzdorf.

Helen.— Oh, you! Look at my little finger now, and don't laugh.

Loth.— Yes.

Helen.— Have you e — ver had a — ny o — ther sweethearts beside our first fiancée? You! You're laughing.

Loth.— I want to tell you something seriously, dearest; I consider it ny duty. There have been a great number of women with whom I have——

Helen (*quickly and violently, jumping up and covering his mouth*).— For God's —— ! Tell me that sometime — later — when we're old — fter years — when I say to you, 'Now' — do you hear! Not before.

Loth.— As you say.

Helen.— I'd rather have something nice, now! Listen: say this after me:

Loth.— What?

Helen.— 'I have ——

Loth.— 'I have ——

Helen.— 'loved you ——

Loth.— 'loved you ——

Helen.— 'and only you ——

Loth.— 'and only you ——

Helen.— 'all the days of my life ——

Loth.— 'all the days of my life ——

Helen.— 'and shall love only you as long as I live ——

Loth.— 'and shall love only you as long as I live,' and that is true as surely as I am an honest man.

Helen (*delighted*).— I didn't say that.

Loth.— But I did. (*More kisses.*)

Helen (*humming, quite low*).— *Du, du, liegst mir im Her-zen* ——

Loth.— And now it's your turn to confess.

Helen.— Anything you say.

Loth.— Confess! Am I the first?

Helen.— No.

Loth.— Who was?

Helen (*boisterously laughing*).— Billy Kawhl!

Loth (*laughing*).— Who else?

Helen.— Oh, no! No body else, really. You must believe me — really, there wasn't. Why should I lie?

Loth.— So there was some one else?

Helen (*importunately*).— Please, please, please, please don't ask m about it now. (*She hides her face in her hands and weeps, for no apparen reason.*)

Loth.— But — but, Nellie! I'm not pressing you, really.

Helen.— Some day! I'll tell you all, all some day!

Loth.— As I say, dearest ——

Helen.— It was some one — you must know — whom I — because — because among bad people he seemed to me less bad. Now that is a changed. (*Weeping on* Loth's *neck, tempestuously.*) Oh, if I only neve again had to leave you! I wish I could go away with you right now.

Loth.— You have a very unhappy life of it in this house, haven't you?

Helen.— Oh, dear! It's just frightful, the way things go on here; life like — like brute beasts,— I should have perished in it without you — it makes me shudder!

Loth.— I think it would calm you if you told me everything, freely dearest.

Helen.— Yes, of course! But — I can't get myself to do it. No now — not yet! I'm really afraid.

Loth.— You went to boarding school, didn't you?

Helen.— Yes, it was my mother's wish — on her death-bed.

Loth.— Did your sister, also, go?

Helen.— No! She never left home. And then when I came bac — it's four years ago now,— I found a father who — a stepmother wh — a sister — guess what I mean!

Loth.— Your stepmother is quarrelsome. Isn't she? Jealous, per haps? unloving?

Helen.— My father?

Loth.— Well! I suppose he dances to her fiddling. Does she per haps tyrannize him?

Helen.— If *that* were all — No! It's too frightful! You can't gues it — that — that *that* man — was my — that it was my father — whom — you ——

Loth.— Don't cry, Nellie, don't — do you see — I want to urge you, arnestly, almost, to tell me ——

Helen.— No! I can't! I haven't the strength, as yet — to ——

Loth.— You are wearing yourself out this way.

Helen.— I'm too endlessly ashamed! You — you will thrust me from ou, drive me away! It's beyond human conception — it's nauseating, isgusting!

Loth.— Nellie, you don't know me — if you did you wouldn't think nat of me. Thrust you from me, drive you away! Do you really think I m as much of a brute as all that?

Helen.— Konrad said you would coolly.— Oh no! no! no! you won't o that, will you? Please? You won't walk on to your goal over my body? Don't! I don't know what — would — become of me if you did.

Loth.— Yes, but that is nonsense! There is no reason why I should.

Helen.— So you do think you could do it?

Loth.— No! I do *not.*

Helen.— But if you could think of a reason.

Loth.— There could be reasons for it, but — they don't come into consideration.

Helen.— And such reasons are?

Loth.— Only that if any one wanted to make me a traitor to myself should have to pass over him.

Helen.— That I surely shall not do — but I can't get rid of the feeling.

Loth.— What feeling, dearest?

Helen.— Perhaps it's because I'm so foolish! There's nothing at all o me. I don't even know what it is to have principles. Isn't that terrible? simply love you, that's all! But you're so good, so big — and you have so much to you. I'm so afraid you'll see sometime — when I say something oolish — or do something — that it won't do, after all,— that I'm much too illy for you. I'm really worthless and stupid as beanhusks.

Loth.— What do you want me to answer? You're all in all to me! You're my all in all! That is all I know.

Helen.— And I am healthy ——

Loth.— Tell me! are your parents healthy?

Helen.— Yes, that they are! That is to say, my mother died in childbirth. Father is still healthy; in fact he must have a very strong constitution. But ——

Loth.— Well! Do you see, it's ——

Helen.— And if my parents were not healthy?

Loth (*kissing her*).— But they are, Nellie.

Helen.— But if they weren't?

(MRS. KRAUSE *pulls open a window of the house and shouts into the yard*)

Mrs. Krause.— Girls! Girls!

Lizzie (*coming out of the cowshed*).— Mrs. Krause!

Mrs. Krause.— Run to Mrs. Mueller! It's startin'!

Lizzie.— Wha — at, d'ye mean? Mrs. Mueller, the midwife?

Mrs. Krause.— Well? Are you poundin' your ear? (*She slams shu the window.*)

Lizzie (*runs back into the cowshed and then comes out with a shaw round her head.* MRS. SPILLER *appears in the house door.*)

Mrs. Spiller (*calling*).— Miss Helen! Miss Helen!

Helen.— What *can* be the matter there?

Mrs. Spiller (*approaching the arbor*).— Miss Helen.

Helen.— Oh, that's it! My sister! Go away! Round this way (*Exit* LOTH *rapidly, to the left, in the foreground.* HELEN *steps out of th arbor.*)

Mrs. Spiller.— Miss — ! Oh, here you are, at last.

Helen.— What's the matter?

Mrs. Spiler.— Oh — m — Mrs. Hoffmann, your sister (*whisperin something in* HELEN'S *ear*) — m — m ——

Helen.— Mr. Hoffmann has left orders to send for the doctor at once in that case.

Mrs. Spiller.— Dear Miss Helen — m — she doesn't want — m — bu she doesn't want a doctor — m — the doctor — m — the doctors, yes, th — m — doctors! — m — with God's help ——

(MILLIE *comes out of the house.*)

Helen.— Millie, go for Dr. Schimmelpfennig at once.

Mrs. Spiller.— But, Miss ——

Mrs. Krause (*from the window, authoritatively*).— Millie! You com up here!

Helen (*similarly*).— You will go for the doctor, Millie. (MILLIE *with draws into the house.*) Well, then I'll — (*She goes into the house and c once comes out, carrying her straw hat on her arm.*)

Mrs. Spiller.— That — m — will make it bad. If you get the docto m — Miss Helen, it — m — will surely get bad.

(HELEN *walks past her.* MRS. SPILLER *withdraws into the hous shaking her head. As* HELEN *turns into the driveway that leads out of th yard,* KAHL *appears standing by his fence.*)

Kahl (*calling to* HELEN).— What's 'a matter over at your place (HELEN *does not diminish her speed or apparently deem* KAHL *worthy look or answer.*)

Kahl (*laughing*).— Ye're stickin' pigs, ain't yer?

ACT V

The room as in the first act. Time: about two o'clock at night. The room is quite dark. Through the open middle door light comes from the hallway; the wooden stairway is brightly illumined. Everything in this act but for a few exceptions is spoken in a muffled tone.

(*Enter* EDWARD, *with a light through the middle door. He lights the hanging lamp over the corner table* (*gaslight*). *While he is thus busied,* LOTH *enters through the middle door.*)

Edward.— Yes, yes! At this rate — you'd have to be pretty tough to lose an eye.

Loth.— I did not even try to sleep. I have been writing.

Edward.— Aw! (*Lighting the lamp.*) There! Oh, sure! Fer all I know it may be hard enough. Do you want pen and ink, sir?

Loth.— I think I will — if you will be so kind, Mr. Edward.

Edward.— I always think that what you call an honest man, he's got to sweat fer every dirty shillin'. Ye don't even get a little rest o' nights. (*Growing more and more confidential.*) But *this* crowd here, they don't do a blamed thing; such a lazy, good-fer-nothin' gang, such a — Sure, I s'spose you've got to pitch in good and hard fer your little livin', too, sir, like all honest people.

Loth.— I wish I didn't have to!

Edward.— Well, what de ye s'pose? Same here!

Loth.— I suppose Miss Helen is with her sister?

Edward.— That's the truth, sir, she's a good girl! She don't budge from her side.

Loth (*looking at his watch*).— At eleven o'clock in the morning the pains commenced. Then they have lasted — they have lasted fifteen hours now. Fifteen long hours!

Edward.— The Lord knows! And that's what they call the weaker sex, mind you. But she's just barely breathin', that's all.

Loth.— Mr. Hoffmann is also upstairs?

Edward.— Yes, an' I tell you, he's just like a woman.

Loth.— I daresay it's no small matter to see all that.

Edward.— I guess! I should say so! Well, Dr. Schimmelpfennig's just come. He's a man, I tell you: cross as two sticks, but Zucker's a fool alongside o' him. But tell me, won't you, what's old Berlin been — (*interrupt-*

ing himself with a Gemini crickets! as HOFFMANN *and the physician con down the stairs).*

(*Enter* HOFFMANN *and* DR. SCHIMMELPFENNIG.)

Hoffmann.— Now — I suppose you will stay with us, won't you?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.—Yes, I shall stay here now.

Hoffmann.— That reassures me very, very much. A glass of wine You'll drink a glass of wine, won't you, doctor?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— If you want to do something for me, I'd rath you had a cup of coffee made for me.

Hoffmann.— With pleasure! Edward! Coffee for Dr. Schimme pfennig! (*Exit* EDWARD.) Are you — Are you satisfied with the cour things are taking?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— As long as your wife keeps her strength there no immediate danger. And, by the way, why didn't you call in that your nurse? So far as I recall I had recommended one to you, hadn't I?

Hoffmann.— My mother in law — what can I do? To be fran with you, my wife, also, had no confidence in the young woman.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.—And in this fossilized ghost your ladies have co fidence? I wish them good of it! You want to go upstairs again?

Hoffmann.— To tell the truth, I'm not very quiet down here.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— It *would* be better if you went out, anywher out of the house.

Hoffmann.— Much as I wish it, I — Oh, Loth, here you are, sti (LOTH *gets up from the sofa in the dark foreground and goes up to the oth two.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*very much astonished*).— Great guns!

Loth.— I had heard you were here. I was surely going to look you u to-morrow. (*They shake hands heartily.* HOFFMANN *uses the opportunit to gulp down a glass of cognac at the sideboard and then to tiptoe quietly ou of the room and up the stairs. The conversation of the two friends is at fir unmistakably under the spell of a certain gentle reserve.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I hope you — Ha, ha, ha! I hope you' forgotten that foolish old affair? (*He lays his hat and cane aside.*)

Loth.— Long ago, Schimmel!

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Well, so've I, you can imagine! (*They agai shake hands.*) I've had so few pleasant surprises in this hole here that th seems quite strange to me. Strange! For us to meet right here. Stran

Loth.— You've been simply out of human sight or hearing, Schimme Otherwise I should have run across you long ago.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I've been under the surface, like a seal. Be

aking deep-sea investigations. In about a year I hope to come up again. ou have to be financially independent, you know, old man, to accomish anything useful!

Loth.— So you, too, are making money here?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Naturally — and as much as I can. What se should one be doing in this place?

Loth.— You should have let a fellow hear from you once in a while.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I beg your pardon — you see, old man, if I id let you hear from me, I should have heard from all of you in turn; and wanted by all means not to hear anything. Nothing — nothing it could nly have hindered me in my gold-panning.

(*Both pace slowly up and down the room.*)

Loth.— Well, that's true. But you can't be surprised, under the circumstances, that — I must tell you, of course, they have all of them, the hole crowd, given up hopes of you.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— It looks like them. The gang! They'll find ut!

Loth.— Schimmel, alias 'The Blackleg'!

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You ought to have lived six years among the rmers here. Hell hounds, every one of them.

Loth.— I can imagine. How did you happen to come to Witzdorf?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Oh, as things happen. You know I had to ear out of Jena that time.

Loth.— Was that before I got into my mess?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Yes, shortly after we had broken off rooming gether. Then, in Zurich I turned to medicine, at first to have something help me out in case of need; but then the thing began to interest me, nd now I'm heart and soul for medicine.

Loth.— And this place? What made you come here?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Oh! That's simple. When I got through ith my studies, I said to myself: now, before all things a sufficient pile of ocks. I thought of America, North America, and South America, of Africa, ustralia, and the Sunday Islands — and finally it occurred to me that y boy's escapade had meanwhile been forgotten, and so I decided to sneak ack into the trap.

Loth.— And your Swiss certificate?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Well, I had to take the thing over again in this ountry, that's all.

Loth.— So you took the government examinations twice over, boy!?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— And finally then I was fortunate enough to nd out the rich pasturage here.

Loth.— You're tough, I envy you.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.—If I only don't suddenly collapse some da Well, after all, its no misfortune if I do.

Loth.— Why? Have you a large practice?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Yes. At times I don't get to bed till five in th morning. And then at seven my office hours begin again.

(*Enter* EDWARD, *bringing coffee.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*sitting down at the table, to* EDWARD).— Than you, Edward! (*To* LOTH.) The quantities of coffee I drink — it's som thing frightful.

Loth.— You had better leave it alone, that coffee.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— What can I do? (*Taking small gulps.*) A I say — one year more, and then — it's over — I hope so, at least.

Loth.— Aren't you going to practice any more after that?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Don't think so. No — not any more. (*Pus ing back the tray with the coffee service and wiping his mouth.*) By the way let's see your hand. (LOTH *extends both hands.*) No? Haven't marrie a Dalecarlian woman? Haven't found any, eh? You always wanted primeval, powerful woman, on account of the good blood. You're righ for that matter; if you're going at all go the whole length — or aren't you exacting as you used to be in this respect?

Loth.— Am I! I guess!

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Yes, if the farmers hereabouts only had suc ideas. But they are in a miserable state, I tell you, degeneration all alon the — (*He has drawn his cigar case half out of his breast pocket, but lets it sli back and gets up, as some sound comes through the door, which is slightl ajar*). Wait a moment! (*He tiptoes to the hall door and listens. A doo outside is opened and closed; for a few moments the moaning of the mother plainly audible. The physician, turning to* LOTH, *says, in a low tone* Excuse me, old man! (*And goes out.*)

(*For a few moments* LOTH *paces the room while outside doors slam an people run up and down the stairs; then he sits down in the armchair in th foreground at the right.* HELEN *comes noiselessly tripping in and embrac from behind* LOTH, *who has not noticed her coming.*)

Loth (*looking round and embracing her*).— Nellie! (*He draws h to him and in spite of gentle resistance down on his knee,* HELEN *weeps und his kisses*).— Oh, don't cry, Nellie! What makes you cry so?

Helen.— Me? I don't know! I always think I shan't find you an more. Just now I was so frightened ——

Loth.— But why?

Helen.— Because I heard you coming out of your room — Oh! — and my sister — we poor, poor women! — she has to suffer too much.

Loth.— The pain is quickly forgotten; and it isn't a matter of death.

Helen.— Oh, dear! She *wishes* for death. She is moaning all the time, 'Let me die —' The doctor! (*She jumps up and runs into the conservatory.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*entering*).— I do wish that the little lady up there would hurry up a bit! (*He sits down at the table, again draws out the cigar case, and takes out a cigar, which he lays on the table beside him.*) You'll come and stay with me, won't you? I have one of those necessary evils outside, with two nags hitched in; it'll take us to my place. (*Hitting his cigar against the edge of the table.*) The blessed state of wedlock! Yes, yes! (*Striking a match.*) Well, so you're still safe and sound, sober and single?

Loth.— You might have waited a few days with your question.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*his cigar now lighted*).— Eh? Oh — oh, I see! — (*laughing*) — so you've caught onto my tricks at last.

Loth.— Are you still so frightfully pessimistic about women?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— *Fright*-fully! (*Following the smoke of his cigar with his eyes.*) I used to be a pessimist, well, by premonition ——

Loth.— Well, and have you since then gone through such remarkable experiences?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Yes indeed! My shingle, you see, reads "Specialist in Diseases of Women." Medical practice makes a fellow very wise — very — healthy — it's a specific against — all kinds of fancies!

Loth (*laughing*).— Why, there we are, back at our old tune. You see, I've — I have by no means caught onto your tricks. Now less than ever! I suppose this has led you to change your hobby?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hobby?

Loth.— Wasn't the woman question in those days in a way your hobby?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Oh! Why should I have changed it?

Loth.— If you think even worse of women than ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*somewhat aroused, rises and walks up and down while speaking*).— I — don't think ill of women. Not a whit! I think ill only of marrying — of marriage — of marriage, and only of men. You think the woman question ought not to interest me any more? My, for what do you suppose I've worked here six long years like a cart horse? Only that I may some day devote all the powers at my command to the solution of this problem. Didn't you know that from the start?

Loth.— How was I to know that?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Well, as I say — I have already collected

fairly plentiful material that will be of great — sssh! I have got so used t shouting. (*He becomes silent, listens, walks to the door, and comes back*) And what has brought *you* here among the gold farmers?

Loth.— I want to study the local conditions.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— What an idea! (*Still more quietly.*) You ca get material from me, too.

Loth.— To be sure, you must be very well informed about the co ditions here. How do things look in general in the families?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Mi-serable! Everywhere — Drink, glutton inbreeding, and in consequence — degeneration all along the line.

Loth.— With exceptions, of course?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hardly!

Loth (*disquieted*).— Didn't you ever, then — get into the temptatio of — marrying a Witzdorf gold-daughter?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Pew! Man, what do you take me for? Yo might as well ask me if I'd ——

Loth (*very pale*).— How — how so?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Because. Is anything the matter? (*H fixes his gaze on him during a few moments.*)

Loth.— Nothing! What should be the matter with me?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*suddenly becomes very thoughtful, walks, ar stops short, with a low whistle, again glancing casually at* Loth, *and th says aloud to himself*).— Bad!

Loth.— You're so strangely abrupt.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hush! (*He listens and then rapidly leav the room through the middle door.*)

Helen (*entering after a few moments through the middle door, calling* Alfred! Alfred! Oh, here you are — thank heaven!

Loth.— Did you suppose I had run away? (*Embrace.*)

Helen (*with unmistakable terror in her expression, bending back*).—Alfr

Loth.— What is it, dearest?

Helen.— Nothing, nothing!

Loth.— But there must be something the matter?

Helen.— You seemed so cold — so cold. Oh, I have such terrib foolish fancies.

Loth.— How are things upstairs?

Helen.— The doctor is quarreling with the nurse.

Loth.— Won't it be over soon?

Helen.— How am I to know? But when it's — when it's over, th I say ——

Loth.— What then? Tell me, please! What were you going to say.

Helen.— Then we ought both of us to go away from here. At once! n the spot!

Loth.— If you really think that best, Nellie ——

Helen.— Yes, yes! It is best! We must not wait! It is best — for ou and me, both. If you don't take me soon you'll leave me, and then — ten — I shall have to go to the dogs.

Loth.— How distrustful you are, Nellie!

Helen.— Don't say that, dearest! I trust you, I can't do other than ust you! When I'm once yours, then — you'll surely not leave me then. *Seemingly beside herself.*) I implore you! Don't go away! Don't leave e, please. Don't — go away, Alfred! It's all over, all, if you once go vay from here without me.

Loth.— You *are* strange! And you say you're not distrustful? Or se they worry you, they torture you here, frightfully, more than I ever — es, we'll go to-night. I am ready. We'll go as soon as you wish.

Helen (*falling round his neck as though with jubilant thankfulness*).— y lord and master! (*As if in a frenzy she kisses him and hurries away uickly.*)

(*Enter by the middle door* Dr. Schimmelpfennig, *in time to notice* Helen *sappearing into the conservatory.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Who was that? Oh! (*to himself.*) Poor ning! (*He sits down, with a sigh, at the table, finds his old cigar, throws aside, takes a fresh one from his case, and sets about hitting it against the dge of the table, meanwhile thoughtfully staring into space.*)

Loth (*who is watching him*).— That's exactly the way you used to osen every cigar eight years ago, before starting to smoke.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I suppose so! (*When he has lit and started e cigar.*) Listen, Loth!

Loth.— Yes, what is it?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You'll come along to my house — as soon as ie thing upstairs there is over, won't you?

Loth.— I really can't do it! I'm sorry.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I feel as if I'd like to have a good talk again, raight from the shoulder.

Loth.— I feel exactly as you do. But from that very fact you can see at it's absolutely not in my power to-day ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— But if I tell you plainly — and, in a way, solmnly, that it is a definite and exceedingly important matter that I want discuss with you to-night — have to discuss with you to-night, *have* to, oth!

Loth.— Strange! I'm not to take this in dead earnest, am I? It's no that? You don't mean to say you could wait with it so many years and tha now there isn't a day's time for the thing? You know I'm not telling yo any stories.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Then it *is* true, after all! (*He gets up an walks about.*)

Loth.— What's true?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig (*stopping before* LOTH *and looking straight int his eyes*).— So there really is something on between you and Helen Krause

Loth.— Me? Who told you tha ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— How in the world did you get into this family

Loth.— Where — where did you find that out, man?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— It really wasn't hard to guess.

Loth.— Well, then, for God's sake keep quiet, so we don't ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— So you're actually engaged?

Loth.— That depends on how you take it. At any rate she and are agreed.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hm! And how did you happen to come here into *this* family?

Loth.— Oh, you know, Hoffmann is a schoolboy friend of mine. H was a member — a corresponding member, to be sure — of my colonizatio society.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I heard of it in Zurich. So he used to be friend of yours! That explains his being the sorry half-and-half creatur that he is!

Loth.— A half-and half creature he certainly is.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Really he's not even *that.* Honestly, now tell me! Are you really serious about that — the affair with the Kraus girl?

Loth.— Why, of course! Do you doubt it? You don't take me for blackguard, I hope ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— All right, all right! Only don't get excited You might have changed in that long time, you see. Why not? It wouldn have been a disadvantage, either! A little sense of humor couldn't do you bit of harm! I don't see why one ought to take everything so confounde seriously.

Loth.— I'm more serious than ever in this. (*He arises and walk beside* SCHIMMELPFENNIG, *but always a little behind him.*) Of course yo don't know, and I can't even tell you how much this thing means to me.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hm!

Loth.— Man alive, you have no idea what a state it is to be in. You don't know what it is when you long for it; if you knew you'd go crazy with longing.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— The devil knows where you fellows get these crazy longings of yours.

Loth.— You aren't safe from them yourself, as yet.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I'd like to see myself!

Loth.— You talk as a blind man talks of colors.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— A lot that scrap of intoxication is worth! Ridiculous. To found a lifelong union on it — it's not as safe as founding on a pile of sand.

Loth.— Intoxication — why — if you talk about intoxication,— well, you don't know the thing, that's all! An intoxication passes. I've had such intoxications, I admit it. But *this* is something far different.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hm!

Loth.— I am quite sober about it. Do you think I see my sweetheart — well, what shall I call it? — with a — well, what shall I call it? with a big halo? Not a bit of it! She has faults, and she isn't especially beautiful, either,— at least — well, she isn't exactly ugly, either. Speaking quite objectively, I — after all, of course, it's a matter of taste — I've never seen a girl as pretty. So you see, intoxication — nonsense! I'm sober as can be. But, you see! *this* is the strange thing: I can't imagine myself without her — it seems to me like an amalgam, you know,— when two metals are quite fully blended, so that you can't say this is *this* and that's that. And it's all so terribly matter of course — in short, I suppose I'm jabbering nonsense — or what I say is perhaps in your eyes nonsense, but so much is certain: the fellow that doesn't know this sensation is a poor beast. And such a beast I was till now — and such a miserable reptile you are still.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— That's exactly the whole set of symptoms. Strange how you fellows always get over your ears into things that you've long ago condemned, theoretically,— as you, for instance, into marriage. Ever since I've known you, you've been suffering from this unfortunate marriage-mania.

Loth.— It's an inherent passion with me, really, an inherent passion. The Lord knows, I can turn which way I please!

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— After all, an inherent passion also can be fought down.

Loth.— Yes, if there's any purpose in it, why not?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Well, is there any purpose in marrying?

Loth.— I should say so. There's a purpose in it! For me there's a

purpose in it. You don't know how I've had to exist till now. I don' want to get sentimental. Perhaps I didn't ever feel it so plainly, perhaps wasn't ever so clearly conscious of it as now, but I had come to have some thing fearfully dismal, something, you might say, machine-like in the way worked. No spirit, no fire, no life — yes, who knows if there was any faitl left in me? And all that has been coming back to me since — since to-day So strangely complete, so primal, so jubilant. Nonsense, you don't under stand, anyway.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— What don't you all need to keep afloat: Faith Love, Hope. In my eyes that's all trash. It's a very simple matter: Hu manity is lying in its death-throes and we fellows make things as bearabl as we can for it with narcotics.

Loth.— Your latest point of view?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— It's five or six years old now and hasn't changed.

Loth.— Congratulate you!

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Thanks!

(*A long pause.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig — (*after a few nervous attempts at speaking finally*). I'm sorry, but the thing is this: I consider myself in duty bound — I absolutely owe you an eludication. I don't believe you'll be able to marry Helen Krause.

Loth (*frigidly*).— Oh, you think so?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Yes, I am of that opinion. There are ob stacles, you see, that for you, of all people,——

Loth.— Look here, you: for heaven's sake, don't worry about that And the facts in the case are not so terribly complicated, indeed, they'r terribly simple.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Simply terrible, you ought to say!

Loth.— I mean so far as obstacles are concerned.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— So do I, in part. But in general, too; I can' imagine that you know the facts here.

Loth.— But I do know them quite well.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Then you must, perforce, have changed you principles.

Loth.— Please, Schimmel, express yourself a little more clearly.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You must surely have dropped your chie demand with regard to marriage,— although you mentioned just a whil back that you were bound to set into the world a stock that was health in body and mind.

Loth.— Dropped? Dropped? How do you want me to ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Then it must be so — then you simply don't know the facts, after all. Then you don't know, for instance, that Hoffmann had a son who died at three years of age as a result of alcoholism?

Loth.— Wha — what's that you say?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I'm sorry, Loth, but I must tell you. You can always do what you like, even after I have. It was no joke. They were visiting here, just as they are now. They sent for me, half an hour too late. The little fellow had bled to death long before I came.

(LOTH *hangs on the doctor's lips with signs of deep, terrible emotion.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— The little fool had grabbed for the vinegar-bottle, thinking it contained his beloved booze. The bottle had fallen down and the child into the broken glass. Down here, you see, the vena saphena was cut completely through.

Loth.— Wh — wh — whose child, did you say?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hoffmann's child and the same woman's who is again —— And she, too, drinks, drinks to unconsciousness, drinks all she can get.

Loth.— So it's not from Hoffmann — not from Hoffmann that it's inherited?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Oh, my, no! That's tragic in the man. He suffers under it as much as he is capable of suffering. For the rest, he knew he was coming into a drunkard's family. The old farmer, you know, never comes out of the tavern at all.

Loth.— Then, to be sure — I understand a number of things — No! I understand it all — all. (*After an oppressive silence.*) Then her life here — Helen's life, is a — a — what shall I say? I haven't an expression for it — isn't it?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Horrible, downright! I can judge of that. And I understand from the very outset how you should come to cling to her. But, as I say ——

Loth.— Never mind! I understand — Doesn't —— ? Couldn't one perhaps — perhaps one could get Hoffmann to — to do something. Couldn't you, perhaps,— get him to do something? She would have to be taken out of this pestilential atmosphere.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— Hoffmann?

Loth.— Yes, Hoffmann.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You don't know him — I don't believe, to be sure, that he has already ruined her. But her reputation he has certainly ruined even now.

Loth (flaring up).— If that's true, I'll knock out his —— Do you really think ——? Do you really consider Hoffmann capable of —— ?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I consider Hoffmann capable of anything, if there's only some pleasure in it for him.

Loth.— Then she — the purest creature there is ——

(LOTH *slowly takes up his hat and cane and slings on his wallet.*)

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— What do you intend to do, Loth ?

Loth.— Not to meet ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— So you're determined ?

Loth.— Determined to do what ?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— To break off your engagement.

Loth.— How could I help being determined to do that ?

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— As a physician I may add that cases are known where such hereditary evils have been suppressed,— and you would surely give your children a rational bringing up.

Loth.— There may be such cases.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— And the chances are perhaps not so small but that ——

Loth.— That can't do any good, Schimmel. It's like this: there are three possibilities. Either I marry her and then — no, that way out of it simply doesn't exist. Or — the traditional bullet. Well, yes, that would at least give a fellow peace. But no! We're not that far yet, we can't as yet afford that kind of thing — so it's live! struggle! On, on, always on! (*His glance falls on the table, where he notices the writing materials which* EDWARD *has arranged; he sits down, takes up the pen, hesitates, and says:*) Or shall I ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I promise you that I will explain the situation to her as clearly as possible.

Loth.— Yes, yes! Only, you see,— I can't do otherwise. (*He writes, addresses, and seals. Then, rising and shaking hands with* SCHIMMELPFENNIG.) For the rest I depend — on you.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You'll come to my house, won't you ? My man will drive you over to my house.

Loth.— Tell me, oughtn't we at least try to — to draw her out of the clutches of this — this man ? If we don't she will infallibly become his prey.

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— You poor, good fellow! Shall I tell you something ? Don't rob her of the — little that you still leave to her.

Loth (with a deep sigh).— When the pain is — perhaps you're — right — yes, surely, you are.

(*Some one is heard hastily coming down the stairs. A moment later* HOFFMANN *rushes into the room.*)

Hoffmann.— Doctor, I pray you, for God's sake — she has fainted — ne pains have ceased — won't you please ——

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— I am coming. (*To* LOTH, *significantly.*) .u revoir! (*To* HOFFMANN, *who wants to follow him.*) Mr. Hoffmann, I nust ask you — any disturbance could be serious — I should like it best if ou stayed down here.

Hoffmann.— You ask very much of me, but — well!

Dr. Schimmelpfennig.— No more than is right. (*Exit.*)

(HOFFMANN *remains.*)

Hoffmann (*noticing* LOTH).— I'm trembling, I'm all excited. Say, ou're going?

Loth.— Yes.

Hoffmann.— Now, in the middle of the night?

Loth.— Only as far as Schimmelpfennig's.

Hoffmann.— Oh, I see! Well — as things have shaped themselves, daresay it's no pleasure to — So, good luck ——

Loth.— I thank you for your hospitality.

Hoffmann.— And about your plan, how is that?

Loth.— Plan?

Hoffmann.—— Your essay, your sociological essay about our dis- rict, I mean. I must tell you — in fact, I want to beg you heartily and ressingly, as a friend,——

Loth.— Don't worry any more. To-morrow I'm over hill and dale.

Hoffmann.— That is really — (*interrupting himself*) ——

Loth.— 'kind of you,' — you wanted to say, I suppose?

Hoffmann.— That is to say — yes — in a certain sense; but you vill excuse me, I'm so terribly excited. Count on me! Old friends are the est, after all. Good by, good by.

(*Exit through the middle door.*)

Loth (*before stepping out of the door turns round once more and takes in he whole scene with his eyes, as if to imprint it on his memory. Then, to him- elf.*) — Well, I suppose I can — go now. (*After a last glance, exit.*)

(*For a few moments the room remains empty. Hushed cries and the ioise of footsteps are audible; then* HOFFMANN *appears. As soon as he has losed the door behind him he draws out his note-book and runs over some ccount with incommensurate calm; in this he interrupts himself, listens, ecomes restless, steps to the door, and again listens. Suddenly some one omes running down the stairs, and* HELEN *rushes in.*)

Helen (*still in the hallway*).— Konrad! (*In the door.*) Konrad!
Hoffmann.— What's the — matter?
Helen.— Prepare yourself — stillborn.
Hoffmann.— O God! (*He rushes out.*)
(HELEN *alone.*) (*She looks round and calls softly:*) Alfred! Alfre
(*and then, as she receives no answer, more quickly:*) Alfred! Alfred! (*Wi*
this she has hurried to the door of the conservatory, through which she loo
searchingly. Then she goes out into the conservatory, after a brief whi
reappearing.) Alfred! (*She opens the window and gets up on a chair whic*
is standing before it. At this moment there comes distinctly from the yard t
shouting of the drunken farmer, her father, returning from the tavern.) Hav
haw, haw! Ain' I a han'some feller? Ain' I got a han'some wife? Ain'
got a couple o' han'some darters? Haw, haw, haw! (HELEN *utters*
short scream and rushes to the middle door as if pursued. From there s
discovers the letter which LOTH *has left on the table. She runs to it, tea*
it open, and flies through the contents, ejaculating single words:) 'Insu
mountable!' 'Never again!' (*She drops the letter and totters*). A
over! (*She braces herself. Holding her head with both hands, she scream*
shortly and sharply.) All o — ver! (*She rushes out through the middle doo*
The farmer outside, now nearer:) Haw, haw, haw! Ain' the farm mi — ine
Ain' I got a han'some wife? Ain' I a han'some feller? (HELEN, *st*
searching, comes in from the conservatory like a madwoman and comes upo
EDWARD, *who is getting something from* HOFFMANN'S *room. She address*
him:) Edward! (*He answers.*) Miss Krause? (*Thereupon she:*) I shoul
like — I should like to see Dr. Loth — (EDWARD *answers:*) Dr. Loth we
away in Dr. Schimmelpfennig's carriage. (*Therewith he disappears in*
HOFFMANN'S *room.*) It's true! (HELEN *exclaims and has trouble for*
moment, in standing erect. The next moment a desperate energy runs throug
her. She rushes to the foreground and seizes the hunting knife, which, with
case and straps, is fastened to the stag's antlers over the sofa. She hides it a
remains silently in the dark foreground until EDWARD, *coming from* HOF
MANN'S *room, has gone out of the middle door. The old farmer's voice com*
more and more distinctly:) Haw, haw, haw! Ain' I a han'some feller
(*On hearing these sounds, as at a signal,* HELEN *jumps up and disappea*
into HOFFMANN'S *room. The main room is empty. The voice of t*
farmer is heard continually:) Haw, haw, haw! Ain' I got the han'som'
teeth, hey? Ain' I got a han'some farm? (*Enter* MILLIE *through the midd*
door. She looks round searchingly and calls:) Miss Helen! (*and again*) Mi
Helen! (*Meanwhile the voice of the old farmer:*) Sh' money'sh mi — in
(*By this time* MILLIE *has disappeared without further hesitation into* HOF

IANN'S *room, the door of which she leaves open. The next moment she comes ushing out with the marks of an insane terror; screaming she turns round n her heels two — three times, and still srceaming she runs out through the iddle door. Her interrupted shrieking, growing weaker and weaker in he distance, is audible a few seconds longer. The opening of the heavy ouse door is heard, then its loud slamming; then the footsteps of the farmer, ho is staggering about the hall; and finally, from close by, his raw, nasal, hick-tongued drunkard's voice rings through the room:)* Haw, haw, haw! ain' I got a couple o' han'some darters?

SHAKESPEARE'S 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA'

A STUDY PROGRAM

By Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke

Act I — Fulvia *versus* Cleopatra

Topic for Paper, Classwork, or Private Study.—Fulvia *versus* Cleopatra.

Hints.— Tell the story of Act I, showing how Fulvia's efforts against Cleopatra's hold on Antony originate the incidents presented. Notice how often Cleopatra speaks of Fulvia; also, how Fulvia's 'garboils,' as Antony calls the wars stirred up by her, and then her death, constitute the starting-point of the dramatic action. Antony's going to Rome and his marriage there with Octavia are the events that flow out of this and occasion the closer connection with Cesar, on the one hand, and with Cleopatra on the other. She becomes more intent on securing Antony because of the threatened separation, and so the pull between the two makes the conflict and the tragedy of the play.

Points.— 1. The meaning of *reneges* (pronounced in two syllables). Compare the use of this word in whist for refusing to follow suit. 2. What is meant by the 'triple pillar'? 3. To what does Charmian refer — scene ii — 'A child to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage'? Is this an allusion to a current event or is it an anachronism? 4. The Nile and its importance to Egypt. 5. Isis and the religion of Egypt. 6. Sextus Pompeius as the inadequate representative of the old Republican spirit of Rome. (See Roman History.) 7. 'The courser's hair' which 'hath yet

but life.' To what common superstition does this refer? 8. Of what so was the 'ink and paper' of Cleopatra's day?

Query for Discussion.— Why is Cleopatra apprehensive? Is she rigl in calling Antony's attitude at this time 'excellent dissembling'? Is he n yet wholly hers?

Act II — Octavia *versus* Cleopatra

Topic for Paper.— Octavia *versus* Cleopatra.

Hints.— Is Octavia, like Fulvia, an active factor in precipitating th action, or is she merely a tool in the hands of Cesar? Note how the influ ence of Cleopatra makes itself felt throughout the act. In scene i Pompe hopes Cleopatra will keep Antony in Egypt. In scene ii (although her nam is mentioned but once), she is in the minds of all present. If it had not bee for her, Cesar and Antony would have had no quarrel to make up.

Is Cesar really sorry that Antony is under Cleopatra's influence or he maneuvring to make capital for himself out of it? Note the opinion Enobarbus anent the sealing of the friendship between Antony and Cesa by the marriage with Octavia; also, how Mecenas, Cesar's friend, leads Enobarbus to talk of Cleopatra, until in an innocent way he says, 'Nov Antony must leave her utterly,' and gets just the assurance he wants fro Enobarbus. In scene iii Antony, while pretending to Octavia, has h thoughts bent on Cleopatra. Do you think that the Soothsayer rea Antony's mind, or had he been instructed by Cleopatra to influence Anton to return to her?

Scene iv seems to be introduced merely as a curtain between scenes i and v. Or what do you think about this?

Note in scene v Cleopatra's rage and chagrin at the news of the marriag and how unconscious she is at the time that she is the center round whic not only Antony's but the whole civilized world's destiny revolves.

In scenes vi and vii the quarrel with Pompey is disposed of and th feast on Pompey's galley takes place, but that Cleopatra is in their minds proved by the way the talk keeps drifting toward Egypt. Enobarbus, to declares to Menas that Antony will return to her.

Points.— 1. Why is Cleopatra called 'Egypt's widow'? 2. Whe was the Cydnus? 3. 'Tended her in the eyes, and made her bend adornings.' — What does this mean? 4. 'Julius Cesar who at Philipp the good Brutus ghosted.' — To what does this refer? 5. 'Pyramies.' The Singular 'Pyrami' was used in Shakespeare's day, yet it is perhap used here to show that Lepidus was getting drunk. 6. 'Go on wheels.' Explain this. 7. 'Egyptian Bacchanals': What was the origin Bacchanalian revels?

Query for Discussion.— Did Cesar make friends with Antony to bring about his alliance with Octavia from interested or disinterested motives?

Act III — Cleopatra's Supremacy

Topic for Paper.— Cleopatra's Supremacy and its Consequences.

Hints.— Of what use is scene i in advancing the action? Note in scene ii how Cesar anticipates the result of his sister's marriage. Was he really fond of her?

How long historically was it that Antony remained with Octavia? How does the play correspond with that? Does it give an effect of a short time?

What impression of Cleopatra's character do you get from scene iii with the messenger? (See also former messenger scene.) In scene 4 during Antony's talk with Octavia are there any signs that he was meaning to hie him to his 'Egyptian dish again'? Why does Enobarbus say, ''Twill be naught,' in scene v?

Is Cesar's concern that Octavia should come with ceremony a sign of his respect for her, or a sign of his aristocratic notions? Or is it merely hypocritical? What do you think is the secret of Cleopatra's charm for Antony? Why do you think Cleopatra fled? Was it fright?

Points.— 1. Which of the incidents narrated in this act are historical? 2. Discuss the meaning of obsolete words and customs throughout the play. 3. Explain difficult and elliptical passages, e.g., 'Grates me the sum' (I. i. 19), and others like this throughout the play.

Queries for Discussion:— Was Cleopatra to blame for Antony's flight? Does she justify herself when she says she 'little thought he would have followed'?

Act IV — Antony at Bay

Topic.— Antony at Bay.

Hints:— Compare scenes i and ii of this act for the light they throw on the character of Antony and Cesar. Are they of any other use than to reveal character? What events are there in them?

The strain of fate in the play: The significance in this respect of Shakespeare's unimportant scenes, e.g. Charmian's fortune, the soothsayer's warning, and scene iii of this act. Why does Shakespeare make Antony use such extravagant language? (See scenes v, iv, vii, etc.)

Is the Antony of this play a direct development of the Antony of 'Julius Cesar'? And what evidence is there from both plays that a critical moment was likely to spur Antony's abilities? Is Antony's constancy to

Cleopatra his best point or his worst? Account for the fine dramatic effec his sudden — 'Fall not a tear, I say,' etc. (III, 4) and 'I come, my Que stay for me,' etc. Is there a marked development in the quality of the l of both Antony and Cleopatra? Furnivall says that Antony's seem 'impulse towards good in the marriage with Octavia lasts but for a tim etc. As his only impulse in making the match was policy could it fai be called an impulse towards good?

Points:— 1. Can anything excuse the mixed metaphors of scene x 'The hearts that spaniel'd me at heels,' etc. 2. Explain the allusio later in the same scene: 'The shirt of Nessus,' and 'More mad th Telamon,' scene xiii, 3. What, does 'token pestilence' mean in scene iv

Query for Discussion.— Was Antony's moral error his marriage w Octavia instead of fealty to Cleopatra?

Act V — Cleopatra's Choice

Topic.— Cleopatra's Choice.

Hints.— Is it love for Antony which causes Cleopatra to decide death? Is it her distaste to being carried in Cesar's triumph at Rome?

Has Shakespeare drawn his Cleopatra as more or less lovable th Plutarch's? Is the charm which Cleopatra exerts upon all who come contact with her in the play borne out by her actions as Shakespeare h represented them? How does Shakespeare contrive to convince us that s was fascinating?

Is Antony's suspicion of her treachery quite uncalled for? Wh evidence is there that Shakespeare meant to show her hesitating betwe a lower course and a courageous path to loyalty and death? What can said to explain or excuse the last trick she plays on Antony?— that of h alleged death. Note the devotion of her attendants, her effect on Dolabel etc., as evidence of her queenliness of nature as well as of manner.

How old was the Cleopatra of history? How old was Shakespear Cleopatra? Are her words that she was 'wrinkled deep in time' to taken literally? What do you think of the saying: 'Her death like h love, her jealousy, her life is notoriously studied, calculated, prepar planned; even death made an enjoyment —painlessly the asp sucks'? is the converse of this true? Her death, her love, her jealousy, and her li though full of simulation, had a core of genuine nobility. Much of her sincerity was assumed, so long as Antony was alive, to suit her woma purposes, but she was never in doubt herself as to her own love for Anto nor, when the time came, of her course with Cesar, and as for the asp it w her best means of death and loyalty to Antony.

Points.— 1. What was the 'monument'? (See 'Plutarch's Lives.') The tombs of Egypt and Egyptian modes of burial. Who built the ramids? Give the different theories held as to their use. 3. (Scene ii) His voice was propertied as all the tunèd spheres.' This refers to the nusic of the spheres.' What are some of the ideas concerning it? (Scene ii) 'And I shall see some squeaking Cleopatra boy my great-ss.' Who acted the women's parts in Shakespeare's day? Does this usion suit as well for the Roman stage? Did Shakespeare, however, ly mean a 'local hit'?

Query for Discussion.— Did Cleopatra love Antony or her power over m?

VI — Character Studies

Topic.— The Triumvirs — contrasted.

Hints.— Lepidus: his weakness and lack of intelligence and conceit ustrated. Show how his speeches are dictated by fear of the other two iumvirs.

Antony: his democratic tendencies. Collect all traces of these through-t the play. Notice his friendship for Pompey, the representative of the publican party.

Why is Ventidius introduced in the play? Notice that Plutarch speaks him as the only 'mean man' (i.e., not of high family) in command, and at he was put there through favor of Antony. See, also (I, 1), 'We'll ander through the street and note the quality of the people;' (I, 4) 'to sit id keep the tippling with a stave,' etc., etc. Are Antony's democratic ndencies founded on principle or easy-going habits? Cesar said Antony as 'the abstract of all faults that all men follow.' Can dependence be put on Cesar's opinion of him? Contrast his final opinion of him at the end the play. Compare with the opinions of Cleopatra and Enobarbus. Which shows the finer spirit in the making up of the quarrel, Cesar or ntony? Examples of his personal prowess and generosity? Is it esti-able or despicable in Antony that he was a loyal lover at all costs?

Cesar: his coolness and domineering qualities as opposed to Antony's armth and companionable traits. His disgust at the banquet, his wariness id always alert cunning. Collect instances throughout the play. (I, 4) Every hour shalt thou have report,' (III, 6) 'I have eyes upon him.' 'Tis one already and the messenger gone, and so on. From whom proceed the tive events of the play, Antony or Cesar?

Queries for Discussion.— Did Cesar overthrow Antony, because of

superior valor, strategy, or through the Imperialistic idea he represente for which the Roman world was ripe?

VII — Artistry

Topic.— The Dramatic Significance of Enobarbus.

Hints:— Professor Corson says Enobarbus is as good as a chorus, th whole situation of things and their successive stages can be read in h speeches. Prove this by selection showing his keen-sightedness and h dramatic usefulness. Is it politic for him as a friend of Antony's to talk a freely as he does to Mecenas, Agrippa, and Menas? Did Enobarbus d well or ill in deserting Antony's falling fortunes? If well, why was he so un happy over it? Is he here also not merely an individual, but a dramati exponent of the evil crisis in Antony's fortunes?

Topic.— The Workmanship of the Play.

Hints:— Show how Shakespeare has developed from mere hints i Plutarch whole passages and scenes in the play; e.g., the meeting betwee Cesar and Antony in Act II; the feast on Pompey's galley; the meeting o Antony and Cleopatra as given by Enobarbus to Agrippa, etc. Show hov Shakespeare's additional touches impart an imaginative glow to the whol picture.

Do these alterations from Plutarch throw light on the characters t advance the action or to enhance the poetry? Find as many example as possible of these two kinds of expansion, the dramatic and the poetic What parts of Plutarch has Shakespeare left out and what is the effect?

What links of literary connection are there between 'Julius Cesar and 'Antony and Cleopatra'? Were they written consecutively? Dowde says, in his 'Shakespeare Primer,' that while the events of Roman histor closely connect the two plays 'yet Shakespeare allowed a number of year to pass before he seems to have thought of his second Roman play,' and this he thinks, may mean that 'historical connection was now a connection to external and material to carry him on from subject to subject as it had suf ficed to do while he was engaged upon his series of English Historical Plays . . . Dramas now written upon subjects taken from history become no chronicles but tragedies. The moral interest was supreme. The spiritua material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in 'Julius Cæsar' la wide apart from that which forms the center of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Are the mixed metaphors of scenes xii and xiii and the condensed and elliptical passages in this play signs of carelessness of workmanship?

Query for Discussion.— Does the devotion to character developmen in the play dwarf its historical interest?